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The Week

PUBLICATION by the Bolshevik acting Government in Petrograd of letters and proposed treaties, found in the archives of the Foreign Office, has been denounced as the blackest of treasonable crimes. It is hardly that. Whatever the motive, the act scarcely goes, in impropriety, beyond the giving out by the Provisional Government last summer of the correspondence between the Czar and the Kaiser. The intent, in either case, was to discredit a previous régime. On the diplomatic side of the affair, fair-minded opinion will still be cautious. That the Czar was weak and vacillating made the situation extremely difficult for both his Foreign Secretary and his General Staff. Left to himself, or swayed by the hidden influences which we now know to have been long playing upon him, there was no telling what Nicholas would do. And there are many indications that the German Government in those days of July was deliberately playing a game with Petrograd, as Bismarck played with Paris in 1870. That is to say, in both instances the effort was to betray the other side into a false step which would at once precipitate war and at the same time appear to make Germany not the aggressor. For example, the Berlin *Anzeiger* came out on the critical day with a flaming announcement that the German army had been mobilized complete. This was at once telegraphed to Petrograd by the Russian Ambassador. But presently the German Government issued an official *démenti,* and suppressed the edition of the *Anzeiger*. But the mischief had been done, Russian mobilization was decreed; and war became inevitable. Now, it has been argued that all this was a device deliberately adopted to make sure of war, with Russia apparently taking the offensive. The German military party got its longed-for war, and got it in a way to enable it to assure the German people that the war was defensive.

AT that time, no one outside of Germany knew of the Potsdam conference, a month before the war broke out. At this it was resolved to make use of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia in order to force "the great reckoning," as the Austrian Foreign Secretary called it, with Russia and, necessarily, with France. The facts about this fatal conference, as brought out by the Reichstag Deputy, Herr Haase, and by Ambassador Morgenthau and others, have thrown a lurid light forward upon the subsequent negotiations. It is now as well established as anything can be that the German Government had at least determined to press on in a position and with measures that almost surely meant a European war, and was doing it in a spirit of "damn the consequences." Some people forget, conveniently, how great was the distrust of the war clique in Germany shown by the German people. In Berlin alone, on July 29, 1914, more than a score of mass meetings were held to protest against the proposed war. At one of these meetings, there were said to be present 70,000 men. And on that same day the *Vorwärts* declared that "the camarilla of war-lords is working with absolutely unscrupulous means to carry out their fearful designs to precipitate an international war." Even after the decision had been virtually made, the *Vorwärts* asserted that the policy of the German Government throughout had been "utterly without conscience." These things must not be allowed to drop from memory when it is sought by the uncovering of Russian secrets to raise doubts concerning the German Government's decision to go into a war which it could have prevented by the turning over of a hand.

THERE are several queer things about the pastoral of the Catholic bishops in Germany defending the Hohenzollern dynasty. News of it was sent to Washington directly by the German Government through wireless from Nauen. The intent seemed to be to give a retort to President Wilson: "See what comes of your trying to stir up trouble between the German people and their rulers!" But in the very act of appealing to German Catholics not to be misled into hostility to the monarchy, the bishops tacitly admit popular dissatisfaction and unrest. Why protest against something that does not exist? It may be said that in standing up for the monarchy the bishops are only showing their loyalty to the Fatherland. But that does not excuse them for going on to attack democracy in principle, and to warn against the sovereignty of the people. That is not Catholic doctrine. No bishop would think of committing his Church to it in France or the United States. The German bishops seem to have forgotten what Pope Leo did in recognizing popular government. But, as Bismarck pointed out, the higher Catholics in Germany have always sought to play a political rôle. They opposed his army bill, thirty years ago—the Septennate, so-called, which tied Germany firmly to the policy of overpowering armament—until he won their support for it by bargaining with Rome. The German bishops may be getting a valuable consideration for their present rallying to the Emperor, but will thereby commend neither themselves nor their political views to the modern world.

KERENSKY fell because the Bolsheviki succeeded in persuading a sufficient number of soldiers and workers that Kerensky was not strong enough or not ready enough to force the hand of the Allies and obtain an immediate peace. Lenine and Trotzky have lost no time in getting down to business—apparently. They have addressed an offer of armistice to all belligerent nations and instructed the Russian army to begin heart-to-heart talks with the German army. The only question is whether Lenine and Trotzky really believe that they have adopted the shortest course to peace or whether their chief concern is to make a show of redeeming election pledges. Kerensky tried to deal with the Governments of the Allies. The Bolsheviki are addressing themselves, by their own account, to the peoples. The outlook was summed up by Trotzky on Wednesday of last week to the executive committee of the Soviet. By this account, England is hopeless. She has most to gain and least to lose by a continuance of the

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war. France has replied to the Russian demands by putting in a "bellicose" Ministry under Clemenceau, but the French people are thinking of peace. So may be the people of the United States. Readiest of all is Italy. As for Germany, the Soviet is assured that Scheidemann is going to force the Kaiser to make peace. Thus the impatient Russian masses are requested by the Bolshevik Government to wait only until Italy throws down its arms on the Piave, the French rise against the Clemenceau Ministry, the people of the United States force the hands of their "capitalists," all the Allies throw over the tyranny of Britain, and Scheidemann terrorizes the Kaiser. When these trifling details have been arranged the Russian people will have its "immediate" peace.

THE Italian collapse on the Isonzo brought forward Lloyd George's demand for a united Allied front. The presence of Anglo-French troops in Italy will supply the test for the British Premier. Before speaking of a single front for all the Allied armies, or even for the armies of the west, it must be demonstrated that there will be unity on the Italian front made up as it is now of the armies of three nationalities. Presumably, Gen. Plumer and the general officer in command of the French reinforcements will be made subordinate to Gen. Diaz. The precedent of Sarrail in the Balkans is not encouraging, though other factors than lack of coöperation undoubtedly entered into the frustration of the Allied campaign from Salonica. On the other hand, the presence of Anglo-French troops in Italy may be turned to good use in making the Supreme War Council a really effective body. Hitherto it has been a question, not only whether any generalissimo would take orders from an Allied War Board, but whether that Board would have at its command the necessary information for supplying useful counsel. Paris and London apparently knew little of the real situation on the Isonzo before the Teutonic blow fell. Cadorna seems to have been the victim of extraordinary overconfidence. But with a British and a French army in Italy, the British and French Governments will have the facilities for knowing just what is happening on the Italian front. It will not be a mere matter of courtesy for Gen. Diaz to keep the Supreme War Council completely informed. It will be his duty.

THE presence of British troops in Italy, first reported by the correspondents a fortnight ago, is now confirmed by Field-Marshal Haig, who speaks in his address of congratulation to his army of "the sudden movement of troops to Italy." It has also been announced that command of the British reinforcements has been entrusted to Gen. Plumer, until now head of the Second Army on the Flanders front and victor of the battle of Messines last June. The designation of Gen. Plumer would imply that the reinforcements which have gone forth are of impressive numbers. If the French have acted to the same degree, the outlook for a definite Italian stand on the present lines is bright. We may imagine precautions against a second break in Italy morale being taken by throwing the British and French reinforcements on either wing of Gen. Diaz's line. But if the Teutonic pressure from the Trentino shows no signs of relaxation, then a joint Anglo-French army would find in that sector its natural field of operations.

CLEMENCEAU has not forgotten the difficulties he once labored under from the censorship, now that he holds the whiphand himself. He announces that Government interference with the press is going to stop; that only "military and diplomatic" information will be censored, and utterances susceptible of "disturbing the peace." Under these heads, he leaves himself considerable latitude. As editor of *L'Homme Libre*, which was suppressed early in the war, and later of *L'Homme Enchainé*, he suffered heavily. There were days when his "leaders" were wiped out by the censorship, and only his signature at the bottom of the page left. Yet they contained no military or diplomatic information, or treason, but were simply calculated to upset existing Ministries. The new French Premier's more liberal policy towards the press argues his realization that a policy of suppression is unjust and also futile.

THE very day on which the army of the late Gen. Maude entered Bagdad, March 11 of the present year, the revolution was proclaimed at Petrograd. The greater event had a direct bearing on the less. The collapse of the Russian offensive spirit which followed speedily on the revolution destroyed the excellent chance for a combined Anglo-Russian advance in Mesopotamia which by this time might have driven the Turks out of Mossul, and in turn affected the situation in Armenia. The Russians had pressed forward from Persia and had almost struck hands with Maude's forces on the Diala. A Cossack patrol did, in fact, reach the extreme right of the British advance; but almost immediately the Russian relapse set in. Balked of the larger hope, Gen. Maude gave his energy and skill to the limited objectives which the new situation brought about. In driving the Turks northward from the Bagdad railhead at Samarra and in the recent brilliant action west of the Tigris at Ramadie, the British commander showed the same combination of careful preliminary organization and dash in the attack which marked his entire campaign. He had profited, of course, by the mistakes of his predecessors who had set out to conquer Mesopotamia in a rush. Gen. Maude set to work to develop his campaign from the ground up. The base at Basra was reorganized and greatly enlarged, and a vast amount of spade-work went into the building of a railway and the improvement of river navigation. After that came the successful flank movements which won Kut by a crossing of the Tigris while a diversion in force was being delivered against the Sunnayat positions, and the similar movement on the Daila which won Bagdad. Gen. Maude's successor cannot fail to profit by the excellent war machine he inherits.

THE latest Parliamentary bye-election in England has not attracted the attention it should have. The death of Sir William P. Byles having vacated the seat in North Salford, Ben Tillett, the labor leader, was nominated as a labor candidate, whereupon the Liberals and Conservatives put up as a coalition candidate Sir Charles Mallet, a Liberal and a Free Trader. Ben Tillett, on the other hand, has served on a fishing smack, been a bootmaker's apprentice, a sailor in the navy, and a dockyard worker and strike leader, for which last activity he has been in jail more than once. He is moreover of the Socialist faith. His four previous efforts to enter Parliament were easily de-

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feated, but at North Salford he vanquished Sir Charles by 2,822 to 1,545 votes, an extraordinary overturn, even in view of the "stale" register and the small poll. This result will seem of especial significance to those who look for a Labor Ministry for England at the close of the war, if not before. It is certainly a sign of the extraordinary growth of British labor's power in politics since the beginning of the war.

IT is stated that since the declaration of war America has had 500 strikes, though there were but 144 in the same period last year. This confirms the impression of labor unrest, and of the perplexity of the Government. It is no wonder that President Wilson has appointed a travelling commission of personal representatives to investigate the labor situation. The chief labor leaders have from the beginning promised to do all they can to reduce strikes The Government has been chided for not taking certain steps which some think would minimize friction—as to create a board of standards to visé all contracts, to go to extreme lengths in reorganizing a union basis for Government work, and to apply paternal measures which private employers cannot afford. Yet with Mr. Gompers's Committee on Labor of the Advisory Commission of the National Defence Council, with the work of the Department of Labor, and with special bodies like the Adjustment Board in the shipping industry, we may believe that the necessary steps are being taken. As prices become more stabilized, and as adjustments by the Government or by employers standardize wages, the number of disturbances should fall rapidly.

IN the absence of full details regarding the Railroad War Board's purpose in distribution of freight among the trunk line railways, it is impossible to discuss its practical results. The objective point appears to be the avoiding of congestion of freight, on tracks or at terminals, and to do so through the withholding of shippers' consignments from a road which has begun to show congestion, and the shifting of them to a road whose facilities are in such shape as to transport the freight promptly. In substance, this would mean operating as one system, rather than as individual competing units, the railways connecting the Middle West with the East. The project is simple enough in theory, and has always been applied by individual systems as between their own different routes and branches. Applied to the trunk lines as a whole, it would apparently raise some interesting questions regarding character of traffic, distribution of equipment, and resultant earnings, which can be better judged when the full scope of the undertaking is made clear.

THE report of an investigating committee to the American Federation of Labor that there is no labor shortage is surprising; it acknowledges the appearance of one, but traces it to the fact that the lack of housing facilities in cities with great new industries has made it impossible to bring there the needed hands. That the nation could contribute nearly two million men to war service without feeling a labor stringency, when in 1916 unemployment was already at a low rate, would demand an explanation. To be sure, unnecessary work has been stopped—public improvements, for example. The building trades are employing many fewer men, and a slackening in industries which provide luxuries has already been felt. The National Council of Defence is expecting that temporary or protracted shortage of raw materials and coal this winter will result in much local unemployment. There is ground for hoping that a fair balance can be kept between industrial demands and labor supply, despite all the disorganization caused by the war; but industrial changes will demand sound management of fluid labor, if this balance is to be kept. The Federation of Labor, Department of Labor, and Council of National Defence have conferred upon a plan by which the last-named will attempt the apportionment of men to essential industries as they are released from non-essential.

THE temporary retirement of Representative Mann from the Republican leadership in the House and the putting of that office into commission can hardly be termed an earth-shaking event. A commission is not exactly an ideal form of leadership, but then, Mr. Mann was not exactly an ideal leader. Neither in the goals that he chose nor in the unity that he inspired in his nominal followers was he shiningly successful. He owed his reëlection a year ago by his associates mainly to the absence of a strong competitor. If we were not at war, it is safe to say, a successor would be found to head the Republicans during the Congress opening next Monday, even if Mann, absent, were allowed to retain the nominal leadership. The situation among the Republicans in the House reflects the semi-chaos they are in outside it. Leadership is their cardinal weakness just now. It is all the more serious since they have always prided themselves, and usually with justice, upon showing how a party should be effectively managed. Suddenly deprived of this asset, they are worse off than their opponents would be under similar circumstances. Fighting under incompetent or wrangling chiefs has no terrors for the Democrats, who for once, however, are being schoolmastered.

NOTHING could show better the interweaving of our politics than the situation in Indiana. A year ago, Democrats voted against Wilson as a means of rebuking Taggart. A few weeks ago, they joined with voters of independent proclivities in giving the Republicans almost a clean sweep of the municipal elections in the State, relegating the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Indianapolis to third place. What had the issues of the Presidential campaign to do with the French Lick boss? Indeed, since he was running for Senator, would not the most stinging blow at him have been struck by giving the State to Wilson and defeating him? But Taggart was in a minority of only a few thousand more than Wilson. And why should Democratic candidates for Mayors of towns that never saw Taggart suffer because of Taggart's sinister influence in Indianapolis, Terre Haute, and the State Democratic Committee? Is this result due to our persistent confusion of national or State with local matters? Not altogether. The slime of the Democratic State organization has spread into the local organizations, so that, in voting against Democratic nominees, citizens are voting against not a party, but maladministration. And there is something else. Unable to hit at Taggart directly, voters punish the party that "stands for" him, even though the occasion may be an election in which he is not interested. This may not be logical, but in time it is bound to be effective.

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Shining Marks

DEATH may love them, but the censorship does not. Neither does the prosecutor of disloyal persons. In England there have been many prosecutions, during the war, under the Defence of the Realm act, but one glaring omission is beginning to attract wide notice. It was even called to attention in the House of Commons a few days ago. A Liberal member, Mr. Lambert, asked the Government whether the First Lord of the Admiralty had observed the "attacks published in the *Daily Mail* upon the navy both at home and abroad"; and also "whether he proposed to proceed against this paper under Regulation 27 of the Defence of the Realm act." The answer for the Admiralty was made by Dr. Macnamara, who said that the "attacks" in question had fallen under the eye of the First Lord, who "strongly deprecates" such articles, "which can only hamper his distinguished colleagues in the discharge of their duties." It was added that the criticisms referred to were based on "imperfect knowledge of the facts." But there was no hint or promise of any prosecution of the *Daily Mail*—that is, of Lord Northcliffe.

Why not? Is the Government afraid of him? If some poor devil of an editor in Leeds or Glasgow had railed at the Government as Northcliffe has done, the officers of the law would have been down upon him long before this. Why this favoritism for the "newspaper king"? Only consider the kind of attack upon members of the Cabinet which Northcliffe is daily making in telegrams to American press associations or in interviews with correspondents. As a particularly graceful compliment to his American readers, his Lordship adorns his speech with all the barroom slang which he picked up in this country. But his substance is even more offensive than his form. He openly abuses the chief officers of state, calling them incapable dunderheads who ought instantly to be removed. There are, happily, indications that Northcliffe is overplaying his hand in England. He long since overplayed it in this country; and we are pleased to note the increasing number of American newspapers which are making the proper comment upon his blundering arrogance. The question was asked in the House of Commons a day or two ago whether the Government was to send Northcliffe back to the United States on an official mission. Bonar Law replied, drily, that the question was "premature." It is not premature, however, to say that the people of this country could get along very well without Lord Northcliffe's patronizing guidance. Sir Edward Carson, who at least is a fighting man, opened savagely on Northcliffe the other day, as a peer who skulked behind his newspapers, and never dared to rise in his place in the House of Lords to make charges where they could be answered to his face.

The probability is that Northcliffe will presently climb down from his high horse. If he does not, and if the Government continues to ignore his turbulent language, people in England will feel free to say that the law is not impartially administered. Why pounce upon Bertrand Russell, or some insignificant pacifist, and let the big offender go free? A similar question—we say it with fear and trembling—is asked by some people in the United States. Our censors and our prosecuting officers are very diligent and watchful in the case of small fry, but one large fish they are allowing to splash about as he pleases. Indeed, the chief "knocker" against the American Government and all its works is a former head of that Government. It may be, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt strongly resents the Espionage act and is simply standing as a champion of free speech, defying the authorities to meddle with him. But he has certainly followed a course and used language which in a less conspicuous man would have been denounced as disloyal—even seditious—and would have exposed him to prosecution. The matter was brought up in the interview with the Postmaster-General printed in *The Public*. The correspondent asked why nothing was done to "suppress Colonel Roosevelt's articles charging broomstick preparedness. They certainly give aid and comfort to the enemy." Mr. Burleson's reply was: "What he says is not true, but I don't think it would affect the morale or fighting spirit of our soldiers." Ah, but, under the Espionage act, the making of "false reports" is enough to proceed upon, provided they are "wilfully" made and that their "intent" is to "interfere with the success of the military forces of the United States." A really aroused District Attorney could argue to a jury that the above provisions apply to such words as the gallant but embittered Colonel addressed to the troops at Camp Upton.

There is no intention of opposing the laws for the regulation of the press and of public speakers in time of war. It is only the question of their impartial enforcement that is raised. The law must not be a respecter of persons. Favoritism we do not charge. The trouble arises in large part from the lack of clearness in the statute. And Congress and the Administration could do no more useful work than to make it absolutely plain to writers and speakers just what are the limits of legitimate criticism.

The Allied Record on the Western Front

THE progress of the Allies in the reconquest of French and Belgian territory since the beginning of the Hindenburg retreat in the early part of last March may be divided into two principal phases: the gains made at a single bound in the course of that retreat extending roughly over a period of a month, and the gains achieved in the course of subsequent operations along comparatively limited portions of the front from the North Sea to Rheims. These sections, pieced together, would make up nearly the whole of that front. Hindenburg's retirement began about March 10. The "voluntary" surrender of territory by the Germans may be said to have stopped by April 9 when Haig delivered the first of his strokes from Arras. Just a week later the French made their attack on the Aisne. Since then the story of the year's campaign has been principally one of a sustained British effort, with the blows coming at increasingly frequent intervals on nearly their entire front. The French have been contented with much less frequent efforts and along a much more limited front, their attention being virtually concentrated on the section of the line between Soissons and Craonne.

The Hindenburg retreat of last March was the swinging back of an arc between the fixed points of Arras and Vailly on the Aisne. The evacuated zone was widest on the line from Roye to St. Quentin, a distance of twenty-

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five miles. It narrowed towards the north, where the retirement along the road from Bapaume towards Cambrai was about eighteen miles deep, and towards the south, where the same distance separates Noyon from La Fère. From west of Cambrai towards the north and west of La Fère towards the south the zone of retirement narrowed precipitately. The principal reconquest of territory was therefore between the Bapaume-Cambrai road and the river Oise, covering a rough quadrilateral about fifty miles long by twenty miles wide. If we add the narrower areas towards Arras and between the Oise and the Aisne, we should get about 1,200 square miles as the first fruits of the Hindenburg retirement. From the German point of view, this surrender of territory was justified by the frustration of Allied plans for a general attack. Whether such an attempt was in preparation along the whole front we do not know, but that the Allies were not reduced to biting their thumbs in impotent rage is shown by the sustained British attacks during the seven and a half months that have followed Hindenburg's stand on his new lines.

The British campaign since the beginning of April, with its shifting blows from north to south, may be divided into four principal sectors. The first of these, in time, and perhaps in the fierceness of the fighting, has been Arras. The territory regained in this sector may be described as a semicircle on a diameter of twenty miles, with Arras in the centre. It is ten miles from Arras north to Lens and about the same distance southeast to the region of Bullecourt and Quéant. Here the British have won back something like 120 square miles. Close in importance to the Arras sector has been the Ypres sector, where the British have driven forward northeast to a depth of five miles with Passchendaele as the farthest point and along an arc seven miles long from south of Houthulst Wood to the region of Gheluvelt. Here the gain would be about twenty-five square miles. The third gain was registered in the single dramatic stroke of the battle of Messines on June 7 by which the German salient from Zillebeke south to Warneton, five miles long and four miles deep, was lopped off with a gain of about twenty square miles. Finally comes the present drive for Cambrai, a surprise not only in its tactics, but in the fact that it came along a quiescent section of the front, with a gain to date of perhaps fifty square miles.

In round numbers, therefore, the Allies have won back since last March about 1,500 square miles of French and Belgian territory. We need not pay much attention to the German argument that more than four-fifths of this territory was "voluntarily" given up. There would be more point to a German comparison between the gains acquired by the Allies in nearly nine months of costly effort and the 5,000 square miles of Italian territory which the Teutonic armies have seized in less than a month. The first answer to this argument is found, of course, in the relative importance of the fronts towards the ultimate decision. The enormous German conquests of territory in Russia have, by themselves, brought the decision of battle no nearer. So the gains in Italy, if they do not lead to an Italian collapse, stand removed from the one front on which both sides agree the decision must come, if the war is to be fought out to the bitter end. The second answer is that the Allied gains in territory are not to be correctly measured until the full effect of their effort is felt. After the Somme the immediate Allied gains were inconsiderable. Only last spring did the Somme bring in its full harvest of 1,200 square miles. We must wait months perhaps till we can say how much of the invaded territory has been rescued in the Allied offensives since last spring. This we know that competent military opinion among the Allies has for some time been expecting a German retirement in western Belgium. Now we know that the whole German line from the North Sea to the Oise has been sorely tried.

But while waiting for general developments along the western front we face the possibility that another British stroke along a limited section may yet come before winter slackens up operations. A glance at the windings of the British battle line shows one section which has long been quiet. This is the German salient around La Bassée, fifteen miles long from Armentières to Loos, and six miles deep. A British drive here would bring the line perilously close to Lille, the great German centre for the entire front from the North Sea to Laon. Here Gen. Haig faces the opportunity of a considerable gain in itself, and of far-reaching strategic importance.

Our Future War Finance

IN his address to the investment bankers at Baltimore, Secretary McAdoo called attention to the misleading character of some prevalent estimates regarding our war expenditure. His statement of the actual facts was not altogether precise, and his conclusion that $10,000,000,000 more remained to be raised from loans, before the fiscal year ends next June, was to most people only bewildering. As interpreted at the Treasury to our correspondent, the gist of the matter seemed to be that most of the $2,000,000,000 raised from the war loan of last June was used to take up short-term obligations, previously issued to meet war expenditure in the fiscal year ending with that month. This left, in order to meet the pending fiscal year's expenditure, the $4,000,000,000 of taxation, the $4,000,000,000 provided by the second war loan, and by the unexpended balance of the first and such new borrowing as would provide for the rest of the outlay.

If the actual total expenditure of the present fiscal year were to be the $21,930,730,940 reported on October 5 as authorized by Congress, the balance still unprovided for would be $13,900,000,000, not $10,000,000,000. But Mr. McAdoo at Baltimore showed the October 5th estimate to be misleading. "Congress," he explained, "authorizes a certain amount of expenditure in a fiscal year," but that is "merely an authorization." Actual expenditures "never as a rule reach the authorizations." In the present case, the Secretary's figures appear to show that expenditure during the fiscal year ending with next June will be something like $3,900,000,000 short of authorizations.

Mr. McAdoo's statement will surprise no one who studied with any care the successive estimates or conjectures with which we were confronted between April and September. On April 5 the Secretary of the Treasury stated to Congress that $3,502,558,629 would be needed for our own military outlay in the fiscal year, and $3,000,000,000 more for our Government's advances to the Allies. The estimate of October, as we have seen, spoke of nearly $22,000,000,000. For this huge discrepancy, the suddenness of our decision on war and the very rapid enlargement of our war programme gave some excuse. But we had ourselves pointed out, long

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before Mr. McAdoo's speech, that all of these latest estimates included provisional appropriations and "contract authorizations" (such as the hundreds of millions voted for new merchant ships and aeroplanes), only a part of which could under any possible circumstances be expended within one fiscal year. Mr. McAdoo said at Baltimore, regarding a foolish report that $25,000,000,000 would have to be raised between now and June 30, "I don't know how such stories originate." For ourselves, we consider them the inevitable outcome of the public's experience with the extraordinary series of estimates in the late session of Congress.

We have no wish to make this confusion of plans and estimates a basis of censure. Circumstances got the better both of the Treasury and of Congress. But the consequences were unfortunate. The recent serious disturbance in the financial markets was partly attributable to the prevalent uncertainty as to what the Government's war finance programme actually was. It is the Government's duty now to see that the experience is not repeated. No such confusion occurred in England, even in the political and financial turmoil of the first months of the war. There were "budgets" and "supplementary budgets," submitted by the Exchequer to Parliament, generally at intervals of six months or longer. But the whole procedure was orderly; the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to explain in detail the reason for each change in the estimate of expenditure, and he was equally called upon to set forth, not only what money had to be raised by taxes, but what, in the Government's opinion, was the wisest plan of taxation. Parliament, then, after a few weeks' debate, enacted its new Revenue Bill.

No one denies that this procedure was made possible largely through the British system of a Ministry responsible to the House and bound by tradition to explain its every plan and policy from the floor. But it would be going much too far to ascribe all the advantages of the English programme to the system of Ministerial representation in Parliament. Still more unwarrantable is the assumption that the misleading, confusing, and procrastinating character of our own war finance legislation, in the past seven months, was inseparable from our own governmental system.

These grave defects have accompanied our parliamentary institutions mainly because Washington long ago got itself into a rut in the matter of relations between legislative and executive departments, and because both Treasury and Congress acquiesced, when confronted with this year's great emergency, in pursuing all the methods consecrated by usage in the discussion of a tariff act or a general appropriations bill. From that course of action there followed on this occasion three mischievous consequences—the absolute confusion of the public mind over what our war burden actually was; a revenue law enacted after nearly six months' debate, only when three months had elapsed of the fiscal year to which the taxes should have applied, and a policy, regarding both taxes and loans, which is so obscure and uncertain as to make difficult any reasonable readjustment or preparation in private business plans.

We shall be asked what is the remedy? Our answer is that the White House and the Treasury ought, at the beginning of next month's Congressional session, to submit a thorough and clearly stated plan for both the expenditure and the revenue. This done, Congress ought to consider the proposals and enact its revenue law with reasonable expedition. There is something to say for the proposal of an advisory board of experts on the general problem of taxation. It will be observed that the Treasury itself has already adopted that recourse, appointing a committee of well-known economists and business men to act as the "advisory board" in the Secretary's interpretation of the complicated "excess profits" schedules of the Revenue Law. But, meantime, it is the paramount duty of the executive branch of Government to make both Congress and public understand the scope of the Government's needs and the soundest way of meeting them without overturning business tability or the credit system. For the legislative branch, the equally plain duty is to end the futile controversies over "punishing" through taxation and to fix its attention on the problem how best to finance the war.

Women as Voters

THERE has been a considerable stir among politicians, big and little, following the adoption of the suffrage amendment at the recent election in New York State. They have found themselves in the position of a schoolboy suddenly confronted with an unknown quantity in a problem in which he thought he knew all the elements. The result has been rather amusing. On the one hand are the efforts of master-politicians like the Governor to make it easy for women to vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket. Before they have recovered breath after their successful race for the prize of self-government, they are bidden to come right in and help themselves to the offices. Of a different cast is the whispering among the lesser wire-pullers. Their reaction to the innovation is simply bewilderment. In their confusion they seize upon anything that looks like a straw, and solemnly essay to probe its significance. Socialists and other radicals, they declare, have been voting in last week's convention of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party for pressing the Federal amendment for suffrage, while many Democrats and Republicans among the delegates have refused to endorse it. What might that mean now? November, 1918, is only a year away. What does this supposed alignment forecast concerning the woman's vote in the next Congressional and State elections?

The anxious questionings of these political astrologers might be somewhat quieted if they would but reflect that woman's vote is not an absolutely new force in the universe. It is such for New York State, which is all that an ordinary New York politician ever visualizes, but a million and a half women voted for President only last year, and a good many had been voting for Governors for some years before that. Instead of running round excitedly, asking one another what the thing portended, one would have thought that men to whom politics is second nature, and who, just because they are men, are never upset anyway, would have sat down and written a few letters to Governors and Senators, say, those of California, Illinois, Kansas, and Oregon, requesting the "right dope" upon the woman's vote. But this does not seem to have occurred to them.

For their peace of mind we might say that such tests as can be made of women's voting reveal no startling divergences from men's voting. The only State in which anything like an exact measurement is possible is Illinois, where women vote for President, but not for Governor. Last November the Republican candidate for Governor polled almost 53 per cent. of the 1,300,000 votes cast for

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Governor, while Hughes received more than 51 per cent. of the 2,200,000 votes cast for President. In Chicago's city elections there are separate ballot-boxes for men and women, and thus an accurate comparison can be made between the two sets of votes. Once or twice the women have pulled a candidate through when he would have been defeated but for their vote. In each case the successful candidate had the endorsement of the Municipal Voters' League. But in general the women have voted very much like the men. In the notorious First Ward, they have added to the majority of the picturesque Hinky Dink, and in the almost equally notorious Nineteenth, Hull House has not been brought perceptibly nearer to victory over Aldermen of the stripe of John Powers. Nor have women lined up for certain reforms as a body. Last November two States in which women vote, Idaho and Montana, adopted prohibition, and one, California, rejected it. Similarly, two States in which women do not vote, Michigan and Nebraska, went "dry," and one, Maryland, remained "wet." Even upon the question of capital punishment women have not shown a tendency to vote differently from men. In 1914, with women voting, Arizona retained the death penalty by a majority of 1,252; in 1916 she abolished it by a majority of 152. The assertions about what women did in California last November are assertions and nothing more. There is no indication that they voted contrary to their husbands and sons.

This parallel alignment of men's and women's votes is rather desirable than otherwise. No one wishes to see a solid labor vote, or a solid Catholic vote, or a solid native-American vote. When any sign of such massing appears, it is deprecated as the raising of a class standard, and so as a menace to democracy. The only solidity one can approve is that endorsed by the platform of the Woman Suffrage Party of New York State, the solidity of women (and men) as enfranchised citizens, who "must meet" their "duties and obligations." Women did not receive the vote because they were expected to use it differently from men. The use they might make of it was a subsidiary question, if indeed it rightly entered at all into the matter. They received the vote because men came to feel that they were entitled to it, that for a democracy to refuse the franchise to any considerable body of its members who demanded it was undemocratic. It might be argued that a strong reason for extending the franchise to women was the likelihood that they would not employ it in revolutionary fashion. But that is their business. A man's vote is his own, to cast as he will. So is a woman's hers. At the same time, the similarity that appears between men's and women's votes should reassure those who have been trembling at the thought of the new situation.

Religion After the War

THAT the larger interests of religion have suffered in consequence of the war, we have never seen more frankly admitted or conclusively argued than in the recent address of a professor in a theological seminary. Dr. McGiffert, just elected president of Union Seminary, took up, at the opening of the scholastic year, the whole question of the relation of the students, and the clergymen to be, to the work and problems created by the war. Of the righteousness of the conflict in which the country is engaged he has no doubt. But this does not blind him to the fact that it has brought a certain discredit upon Christianity.

Sticking close to fundamentals, he maintains that the world's "faith in God" must be "revolutionized." Every one with a sense of reverence has been shocked by the Kaiser's frequent calling upon "Gott." But that is an old habit of the German war-lords. It is not really so blasphemous as it sounds. And, as Dr. McGiffert does not fail to point out, this religious awkwardness and inconsistency in war has not left the withers of other nations and other leaders unwrung. Using great plainness of speech, he says:

> The God of all the world who in a crisis becomes my God alone, or my nation's God alone, is too gross a contradiction to be tolerated in the future by right-minded men. Too long, while our theology has been monotheistic, our practical creeds have been polytheistic. Too commonly we have read our God in pre-Christian terms, and have ascribed to him the partiality of the Jewish Jahwe for his chosen people. . . . Christianity must cut itself completely loose from such a theism as this if it is to regain the confidence of the world.

The way in which this is to be done remains somewhat obscure. It is doubtful if many of the crude ideas now set afloat about "rediscovering" and "reinterpreting" the Admighty will long survive. Clouds and mystery will always surround the dwelling-place of the Most High. The kind of familiar and everyday "God" which Mr. Wells has invented for the sake of the soldiers in the trenches—a diety of whom Frederic Harrison has been making irreverent fun (irreverent to Mr. Wells, we mean)—seems unlikely to do much to remove the reproach which the war has cast upon religion. Nor is there much more promise in the revived Manicheism which appears in certain quarters—the sort of thing that John Stuart Mill fell into at the end of his life. It may seem to help to divide up the universe between God and the Devil, but always there comes back the question which Friday asked of Crusoe: "Why not God kill Devil?" Dr. McGiffert merely hints at his thought of a new theology in which the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man shall cease to be merely speculative dogmas and become vivid realities.

Christianity merely as the private possession of belligerent nations has unquestionably lost credit during the past three years. To say this is not at all to imply that true religion and undefiled has ceased to be a vital thing in millions of hearts and lives. Nor is there doubt that many a soldier of the present cherishes as simple and unquestioning a religious belief as Lawrence or Howard or Stonewall Jackson. It is not about the individual in the war—or about those who watch and work at home, or submit resignedly to ineffable loss—that any question arises. The perplexity and the heart-searching arise over the terrible anomaly of a religion of love and peace made subservient to the Moloch of hate and war. This is the dark mystery. There may be minds that buoy themselves up by a transcendental view of war. Admiral Mahan was of this type. A good churchman and, we believe, a devout man, he had habituated himself to think of war as one of the foreordained instruments in the hand of God to work His sovereign will.

The agony of war indefinitely prolonged, however, makes uplifting of that kind highly precarious. History is not silent as to the mental and moral and religious effects of the Thirty Years' War.

Without venturing into the high regions of theological speculation, a layman may comfort himself with the thought that, after the war, religion will become predominantly a thing of practice.

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The American Federation of Labor

By JOHN A. FITCH

WHEN, last week, in the Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Buffalo, the question arose of endorsing the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy, the organization for patriotism and war propaganda sponsored by Samuel Gompers, the biggest fight of the convention was on. All the afternoon delegates stormed and shouted, but when at last the roll was called the vote stood 402 votes against endorsing the Alliance to 21,602 in favor of such action. The long-heralded clash between the pacifists and the militarists had come and the pacifists were utterly routed.

The debate on this comparatively insignificant resolution lasted throughout the greater part of an afternoon session. It was the only vote on a question of policy during the entire convention on which there was a roll call. Next day two other resolutions came before the convention. One of them endorsed the arbitration agreements that have been entered into between the Government, the American Federation of Labor, and certain Government contractors; the other stated that "we unreservedly endorse the action of President Gompers and the executive council in all of their actions in connection with the war. . . ." These resolutions went to the very heart of the question of pacificism or militarism as that of the previous day did not. They were accepted without debate and by a unanimous vote.

Nothing could illustrate better than this a certain confusion of mind that seemed to run through this first convention of the men and women of organized labor to be held since the entrance of the United States into the great war. It was an harmonious convention, upon the whole—almost without precedent for its lack of clear-cut division between radicals and conservatives. Yet, occasionally, in the most unexpected of ways and in the most unexpected of issues, there arose sharp conflicts. Some of them were hard to account for. In all of them the alignment differed from the old, accustomed divisions. It was no longer progressive vs. reactionary. In every contested vote each side was able to claim a part of both elements.

The great dominant unifying influence in the convention was the spirit of loyalty to the Government. That is what showed on the surface, and there can be little doubt that it was genuine. Every vote on a clear-cut issue of standing by the Government went through with a shout. Only once was there a serious clash, and then the opposition dwindled down, as one of them put it, to a mere handful of "wilful men."

The same lines were drawn in a vote on another day on a resolution favoring the extension of the conscription law to cover aliens living in this country. There was some heated debate on the question. A Canadian delegate was made to feel the displeasure of the convention when he referred to the conscription act as a "dastardly law," and said he was opposed to the extension of an act the purpose of which was to send men out to die. On a showing of hands the resolution was adopted by a vote of 244 to 20.

The whole convention was plainly stirred by every speech that referred to sons or relatives in the trenches, and there was thunderous applause when Samuel Gompers declared "as a life-long pacifist" that "I am a fighting man and I will fight to help my country; the country of my adoption, the country to which I owe all that I am except birth; the country in which my sacred dead lie buried; the country in which those I love are; the country to which my love and aspirations go out, and I propose to do whatever I can to do a whole man's full duty in helping to make this the last war of the world."

The convention opened in a manner absolutely without precedent. The President of the United States came from Washington to make the opening address. With his usual clarity and force he told the delegates that this is a time when "it is every man's duty to forget himself, to forget his own interests, to fill himself with the nobility of a great national and world conception and act upon a new platform, elevated above the ordinary affairs of life and lifted to where men have views of the long destiny of mankind."

Despite a harmony, on the central idea of patriotism, that was almost complete, and despite the absence of most of the old and familiar differences of opinion, there were numerous evidences of independence and of opposition to the administration of the Federation. Where the issue seemed to the delegates to be one of patriotism they voted almost as one man. Where the issue was not so clear cut, or where it was clearly not one of patriotism, there was considerable opposition to the "machine."

On the same day that the resolution approving conscription of aliens was adopted, James Duncan introduced a resolution recommending to the affiliated unions that they should refuse membership to immigrants who have not taken out citizenship papers. Duncan is first vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. The resolution was supported by Treasurer Lennon, by John P. Frey, editor of the *Molders' Journal* and supporter of the administration, and others. But there arose, nevertheless, a storm of opposition. The difficulties involved in taking out citizenship papers were pointed out. A Pennsylvania delegate stated that some of the courts in his State had ruled that an applicant for citizenship must be represented by a lawyer, and that this was a source of petty graft. Another said that the enforcement of such a rule would make of the aliens a strike-breaking force. Another declared it would recruit the I. W. W., and another told of a case where a man was refused his citizenship papers because he was a striker. A Washington delegate said that Chinese, who are denied the right of citizenship, were brought in to break a strike of timber workers in the Northwest. They refused to be "scabs," but the delegate feared they would not take such a stand if the resolution were adopted. When it came to a vote it was beaten decisively.

More significant was the passage of a resolution condemning Postmaster-General Burleson for his "autocratic" attitude towards the employees of the postal service. It was on the programme to kill this resolution by referring it to the executive council of the Federation, but the delegates would have none of it. The resolution was adopted, and the executive council is directed to endeavor to obtain an audience with President Wilson in order that the "oppressive labor policy" of the Postmaster-General may be made known to the President.

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It was generally felt that the Federation officials received a rebuke in the action taken by the convention on a case involving the "White Rats," a union of vaudeville actors and other stage employees. There has been for some time a controversy between this union and the Central Federated Union of New York, as a result of which a resolution was introduced by a delegate from that body looking to a cancellation of the charter of the White Rats, which apparently had the support of the administration. In a long address in which he mercilessly flayed the officers of the Central Federated Union of New York, President Fitzpatrick of the White Rats completely won the convention to his side, and the resolution was voted down with a roar. The effect upon the convention of President Fitzpatrick's speech was considered the more significant because New York city is the former home of President Gompers, and some of the officers of the Ceneral Federated Union have been very close to him.

The division of sentiment in the convention that has caused the most speculation occurred on the last day. When time came for election of officers the regular slate went through without a hitch until the office of treasurer was reached. For twenty-eight years John B. Lennon has held that office. He is one of the best liked and most respected men in the Federation. In addition to that he has been generally considered the most progressive member of the executive council. Yet when the time came a candidate was named in opposition. Frank Hayes, a Socialist, president of the United Mine Workers—a union noted for its radicalism—placed in nomination Daniel J. Tobin, president of the Teamsters' Union, and known generally as a conservative of the conservatives. Mr. Tobin was elected by 13,476 votes to 9,402 for Mr. Lennon. The roll call shows that the "radicals" split their votes about equally between the two men. Yet it was rumored about on the floor of the convention that Tobin, the conservative, was the candidate of the radicals, and some of them admitted that they so considered him. One explained his position thus: "I'll never vote for a progressive. If I can't have a rebel I want the worst reactionary I can get. That's the quickest way to get things changed." Others declared that this was just the opening wedge. They wanted to establish the fact that there is nothing so sacred about the executive council that members of it cannot be defeated. It was explained that the choice fell on Treasurer Lennon because he was the oldest member of the council and had sometimes been in poor health. For this reason and because he offended a powerful union last year by deciding against it in a jurisdictional dispute, it was believed that he would be the easiest to defeat. Next year, it is said, these plotters will centre their attack on another member of the "old guard."

The vote of the radicals does not explain Treasurer Lennon's defeat, however. Many of the radicals voted for him, and all of them together would not have sufficed to elect Mr. Tobin if the conservatives in large numbers had not voted that way too. There were rumors of a plot to capture the executive council for the Irish! All of which, as a visitor to the convention remarked, "gives you the impression that what is going on in this convention is something very different from what it appears to be."

Loyalty to the Government—down with the Kaiser—new alignments—Gompers stronger than ever—Gompers losing his grip a little—schemes and plots—these are the impressions one gets of the convention, in retrospect. It is rather bewildering and not altogether reassuring in this year of war. Constructive statesmanship—did it manifest itself in this crisis in the affairs of labor no less than in the affairs of the world?

The greatest opportunity in the history of America for organized labor to go forward, to expand, to grow, is now here. The convention saw that and adopted a resolution saying that employers ought to allow their employees to organize and to deal with them collectively. They did not offer to undertake any obligations if the employers would do that. They said that the workers ought not to strike except as a last resort, but they did not attempt to work out any constructive plan for avoiding strikes. They did not pledge their good faith to exhaust all their resources in an effort to settle controversies without a stoppage of work. And yet, something like this might be considered a fair *quid pro quo* for the advances they asked the non-union employer to make.

The convention laid the basis for an extension of its influence politically as well as industrially. That is the chief significance in the change of the date of holding the convention from November to June. It was frankly admitted during the debate on this question that the holding of the convention at an earlier date would enable the Federation to place its legislative demands before the political parties well in advance of election day. It would enable them to formulate a programme in plenty of time to place it before Congress at the opening of its December session. This clearly indicates increased political activity on the part of organized labor. The impression has been created in some quarters that it foreshadows the formation of a labor party. It may be true that this action has laid the basis later for such a movement. It is unlikely, however, that any such thought was in the minds of the men who drafted and supported the resolution.

There is every likelihood that women and children will be called into industry as never before. It is a serious thing for them and it is a serious thing for the labor movement. The convention noted these dangers and deprecated them. It proposed a Federal eight-hour law for women and children and it favored the signing of an international treaty after the war, barring from commerce products of labor in excess of eight hours and of children under sixteen years of age. But it made no constructive proposal for the strengthening of the agencies of law enforcement, or for intelligent, wisely directed vocational training.

An entire afternoon and part of an evening, however, were devoted to the question of granting a national charter to the stenographers' and office workers' unions situated in various parts of the country, and in rebuking one of the introducers of the resolution because he circulated among the delegates a printed sheet attacking the Secretary of the American Federation of Labor. Apparently the resolution asking for a charter was not favorably looked upon by the officials of the Federation and of the international unions. The explanations for opposing the granting of a charter and the evident feeling of hostility towards the union of their own employees gave the convention the flavor of a convention of manufacturers.

From the standpoint of constructive action the convention was a disappointment. Trivial things were done at a time when the stage was set for large things. Things of importance were done blindly without debate and sometimes, apparently, without the convention knowing what was being done. Men seemed bewildered and took refuge in patriotic excitement instead of in cool thinking.

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The Issues of the War and the Jewish Position

By H. M. KALLEN

"HIS Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use its best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

In these words the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, speaking for the British Government, admits the Jewish people to an equal status with the Belgians, the Serbs, the Poles, and the other nationalities whose corporate rights are in issue in this civil war to make the world safe for democracy. They are words momentous for the Jews, and momentous for the world. They mark, in more ways than one, the close of an epoch in the history of mankind in Christian Europe. From the day in the year 339 when the Emperor of Rome deprived his Jewish subjects of the right to citizenship in his Christian dominion, to the invasion of Belgium by *Kultur*, and beyond, Jews have collectively and individually lived under disabilities that ranged from the mediæval rigors of dynastic Russia and Junker-ridden Rumania to the fading survivals of social prejudice in England and America. Indeed, the democracy of a country can be accurately gauged by the attitude of its Government and people towards their Jewish countrymen. It is true, none the less, that in even the freest of countries certain disabilities persist, and that anti-Jewish agitation, on one ground or another, recurs sporadically. That this is natural, the very brief history which accrues to democracy in Europe makes evident. In lands with free institutions the enfranchisement of the non-Jewish masses dates, at its most ancient, from the French Revolution, and the enfranchisement of the Jew is hardly more than a couple of generations old. In the backward states, Jews share the political disabilities of the proletarians: a free Russia has meant a free Jewry, while no treaty can do anything for the Jews of Rumania without the relief of the terribly oppressed Rumanian peasantry from their Junker masters, if then.

The reason is that political establishments of the dynastic and bureaucratic type use the Jews as a convenient buffer between themselves and the rising discontent of their peoples. Thus, when the war broke out, seven and more of the ten-odd million Jews in the world lived in Russia and in Austria. More than half of these were concentrated in Poland, Lithuania, and Galicia. Their ancestors had settled in these regions centuries ago, on the invitation of a Polish king, who needed them to build up his Tartar-devastated country. He had given them a charter, which his successors extended and confirmed, and under this charter, which was ignored by participants in the crime of the partition of Poland, but never revoked, they lived with varying degrees of the full national autonomy it granted them. The regions they inhabited are the eastern field of warfare. When its fortunes revealed to the Russian people the treachery of their Government, the Government, as was its wont, used the Jews as its scapegoat, fathering on them all its crimes. Their consequent treatment at the hands of the simple Russian peasant armies left nothing to be desired in atrocities. The benevolent Poles added their noble bit, and the invading Germans, whose official classes are the protagonists of an anti-Jewish philosophy, and who were, moreover, playing politics with the Poles, did not deviate from the programme which has so benefited Belgium. The present record of their treatment of the Jews in the invaded portions of Lithuania and Poland satisfies even their rigorous standards of frightfulness. So, of all the tragedies of the war, the tragedy of the Jew has been the greatest. Enlisted in all the armies of the fighting world, with the overwhelming bulk of them in the armies of the Entente, they were permitted no portion in the cause for which they were pouring out their blood. That cause was peculiarly theirs. Yet they were equally the victims of its enemies and defenders.

The position of the Jewish non-combatants in the war-devastated region was only a terrible aggravation of their position in times of peace. Wherever Jews were, they were regarded as not quite "belonging," as somehow foreign. The aboriginal and basic cause of this regard is religious prejudice, and this prejudice derives from the peculiar position of the Jewish people in the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. According to this doctrine the Jews had been God's chosen people. To them He had revealed Himself, with them made his covenant, and to them sent his only-begotten son for the redemption of sin-cursed mankind. The Jews, however, had rejected the God-born Messiah and had nailed him to the cross. For this they were accurst by God, cast out beyond the pale of the society of the saved, to live in disaster and dispersion till the Messiah's second coming. Every one in Europe knew this story of the Jew, from the serf with iron collar round his neck to the Holy Roman Emperor with an iron crown on his head. Europe was Christian, and the story fixed the Jew's place, not only in the religious, but in the political and social tradition of that continent. It set him beyond the law, tended to make him fearful, furtive, and fawning, to undermine his self-respect and destroy his nervous system. It made him the easy scapegoat for any malevolence any predacious power chose to attribute to him. By excluding the Jews from the common life of mankind, it threw them back upon themselves and their law. And their law saved them. The intensive elaboration of its prescriptions, the integration of their precarious community, the development and extension of their literary and philosophic tradition gave them healthy occupation. Such periods of comparative freedom from persecution rectified their intense self-consciousness with the perspective of achievement in the Moslem and Christian world. Without any territory definitely their own, with no civil or other rights before the law, without arms, or anything but an intense self-consciousness and a loyalty to their national tradition, they constituted, nevertheless, an *imperium in imperio*.

This rendered the position of the individual Jew peculiarly ambiguous—a citizen of no land, yet a subject of any ruler who chose to claim him. In many cases he learned to think of himself as the scornful Christian thought of him. He learned to resent the "accident" of birth into fellowship with a "peculiar" people and the disabilities this birth im-

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posed. When the French Revolution brought him the opportunity to enter the wider world, he was eager to abandon everything which distinguished him from his French or German or Russian or Polish neighbor, to abandon, that is, the whole cultural organization of his people. What is known as "reform Judaism" is this attempt at political and social liberation by throwing over Jewishness. It is assent to the Christian conception that what is Jewish is bad. Under its operation Jews became amateur Gentiles in the practices of life and "Hebrews" in the speech of those who wanted to avoid offence by calling them Jews.

For the last two generations, the Jews of the world have been divided into two classes—the small, well-to-do, "assimilationist" minority, anxious to extirpate everything that might stand between them and their ambitions in the Gentile world, and the great impoverished, persecuted, and exploited majority, constituting by any criterion you choose a clear, defined nationality, hungry for freedom to live out its group-life in its own way, in its own land. The earliest ideal expression of this hunger is the religion of this majority with ritual and prayer directed towards the old agricultural economy of Zion, whereto Jehovah is in his own good time to restore his scattered people. The last and most efficacious ideal expression of this hunger is Zionism. This movement is the restatement of the religious aspiration in terms, a humanistic, political, and social programme. It reënforces the devout Jew's power to suffer with the modern Jew's imaginative courage and power to do. Its leadership has two sources—those Jews who had passed through the "assimilationist" stage and come out on the other side, and those who had grown up within the great Jewish community and had assimilated to the Hebraic spirit of their inheritance the whole achievement of modern civilization: Theodor Herzl, Max Nordau, Israel Zangwill, Louis Brandeis, the Rothschilds; Achad Ha'am, Tschlenow, Sokolow, Wolffson, the Wissotskis, the whole line of neo-Hebrew and of Yiddish poets and historians and thinkers. Zionism met, of course, with instantaneous resistance from the "assimilationist" interests, they being terrified lest they should lose the position for which they had paid so heavily. For Zionism asserts all they had been at pains to deny. Regarding the facts, it declares the Jews a nationality equally entitled with others to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." They, regarding their flesh-pots, declared them to be a religious sect, not otherwise different from the French, Germans, English, Russians, or Poles among whom they live. Zionism, regarding the facts, declares that the people must for themselves establish their status and destiny. Assimilationism, regarding its social position, tries to legislate for the Jewish nationality from without and above. It confronted the Jewish democratic statesman with the *Hof-Jude*, numbers with money, idealism with an appeal to self-interest. It fought a losing fight from the start.

So the situation defined itself when German dynastic aggression started its assault upon civilization, compelling the world's thought to turn its attention finally upon the ultimate causes at issue. The survey of the history of democracy in the western world, of the rise and development and operation there of the principle of nationality, revealed the interdependence and neutral implications of both repeatedly outlined in the statements of Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George and President Wilson. The events leading up to the ends for which the democratic powers are at war are momentous. Modern Europe begins with the mediæval assumption of the identity of church and state, the church using the state to enforce religious conformity. The Middle Ages is the period of religious imperialism. With the Protestant Reformation this imperialism is shattered, to be followed by religious nationalism. States disable dissenters with the infinite variety that the ingenuity of the creed-monger is so distinguished for. In Protestantism sects multiply, however, and the alternative to tolerance is anarchy or rebellion. Hence little by little the absolute divorce between church and state which political theory advocated from the beginning gets achieved in the compromises of political practice. What helps more than anything else to secure this end is the steady secularization of mankind by the substitution of scientific industrial and æsthetic interests for the religious ones, so that finally citizenship is altogether detached from adherence to a special confession.

The lost political prerogative of the church is, however, monopolized by the nationality. Democracy, brought to Europe by the French Revolution, and threatened by Napoleonic imperialism, awakened the sleeping nationalities of Europe to consciousness, the desire for unity, freedom, and autonomy. At first a call to self-defence and self-respect, as in the utterances of Fichte and Mazzini, the call to nationality became, under the influence of their theorizing successors in Germany, a call to aggression and empire in the name of national cultures. Religious imperialism was succeeded by cultural imperialism, with its extraordinary Aryan myth, its monstrous missionary paranoia, its demand that all mankind shall abandon their own grown fruits of the spirit to live by that made in Germany. From the centre there, the venomous infection spread to Russia, to Turkey, and Messrs. Roosevelt and Maxse are signs that even the United States and England did not escape a touch of it. Pan-Germanism and policies of Germanification were paralleled by Pan-Slavism and policies of Russification, and so on, down the line of national hegemonies in central and eastern Europe. England alone, thanks to the character of her empire, escaped the evils of infection, and the eventualities of the war have shown how wise her democratic statesmanship has been. Its issues have justified her, as they have, even more, America.

What they have taught the democracies of the world is essentially this: that there is no more necessary connection between nationality and citizenship than between religion and citizenship. A nationality is a very intimate form of historic and cultural creative association, related to the group as personality is to the individual. To function effectively, it must be even freer and more self-governed than a church. A state is a secondary form of association designed by those who participate in it. I am speaking, of course, from the democratic standpoint—to secure them "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." A nationality is creative, a state regulative. The state's business is to prevent the encroachment or persecution of individuals and associations upon and by one another, to keep opportunity equal, to do justice. Citizenship, thus, is independent of nationality and a safeguard of it, as it is of religion, in every free land—in Switzerland, in the United States, in the British Empire. Just states, free states, secure freedom of nationality as they do freedom of worship.

Now it is freedom so understood that the Jewish people have always represented. Loyal and devoted citizens of

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whatever state they lived in, they have also remained, *en masse*, a self-reverent national community, an historic organization true to its traditions of spirit and vision. They are history's greatest and oldest incarnation of the *casus belli*. Their record of significant contribution to the economic and political liberation of the peoples of Europe derives directly from their own national constitution and the life it enjoined, and it is a record made in the process of their undergoing a hundred Belgian tragedies. For a millennium and a half the whole of Europe has waged war upon them, bitter and relentless. They have suffered it without resistance, and they have survived. They are the living refutation of the whole Teutonic philosophy of military enterprise. Enough food to keep life together and to nourish the coming generation, a system of education, perseverance in the endeavors of peace, loyalty to the spiritual forms of the group-life—these, not war, give a culture life, and cause it to prevail. What the Jewish nationality has ever asked for, hence, has been, not the sovereignty that constitutes a state, but freedom to achieve those excellences appropriate to its nature, and through this achievement to make its contribution to the free-trade of the spirit among nationalities that we call civilization.

"Zionism," says Mr. Justice Brandeis, "seeks to establish in Palestine, for such Jews as choose to go and remain there, and for their descendants, a legally secured home, where they may live together and lead a Jewish life, where they may expect ultimately to constitute a majority of the population, and may look forward to what we should call home rule. The Zionists seek to establish this home in Palestine because they are convinced that the undying longing of Jews for Palestine is a fact of deepest significance; that it is a manifestation in the struggle for existence by an ancient people which had established its right to live—a people whose three thousand years of civilization has produced a faith, culture, and individuality which enable them to contribute largely in the future, as they had in the past, to the advance of civilization; and that it is not a right merely, but a duty of the Jewish nationality to survive and develop. They believe that there only can Jewish life be fully protected from the forces of disintegration; that there alone can the Jewish spirit reach its full and natural development; and that by securing for those Jews who wish to settle in Palestine the opportunity to do so, not only those Jews, but all other Jews will be benefited and that the long perplexing Jewish Problem will, at last, find solution."

And in the course of a generation they have laid in Palestine the foundation for the excellences they hope to attain. In this land, desolate through neglect, they have built, against the resistance of nature and of man, with great devotion and hardship, forty prosperous, self-governing agricultural colonies; for the slums of its cities they had begun to substitute modern sanitary dwellings; for disease, hygiene and hospital service; for a mediæval and restricted educational system, a radically modern one, from kindergarten to university, and to be directed by the society of teachers, not trustees, nor Aldermen. Their chief instruments—the Jewish National Fund, the Jewish Colonial Trust, the Anglo-Palestine Company—are constituted upon the principle of democratic control of the fiscal and industrial machinery of the nation, and their use aimed always to eliminate as nearly as might be the avoidable injustices which are the social problems of modern states. The war has endangered this whole achievement. It has brought death and starvation to Palestine also, and has there undermined the credit upon which the work is done. Yet so completely did the fiscal instruments of Zionism have the confidence of the non-Jewish as well as the Jewish population of Palestine that its paper was preferred above all others, even that of the Government. It and the other institutions are under English charter. They have been shaken, but by tremendous effort the Zionists have kept them from shattering.

The association of Zionism with England dates from its very beginnings. The English mind understands nationality. Its statesmanship has been sympathetic towards the Zionist programme from the days of Joseph Chamberlain on. Mr. Balfour's declaration is but the most recent step in the fulfilment of the English desire to help right the greatest of historic wrongs. It is a step taken, the Zionist Organization confidently infers, with "the approval of all the Entente Powers, and will have the unquestioned support and approbation of the Government of the United States." The statement is issued, moreover, at the moment when the agitation of anti-Jewish Jews against Zionism is most intense, and is the direct effect of negotiations of more than two years between the Zionist Organization and the British Government. It is a first step in the candid and disinterested application of "the principle of nationality" to the solution of international problems.

Of those, the "Jewish problem" is the oldest. Its solution through Zionism by the concentration of a free and self-governing and creative commonwealth of Jews in the Palestinian homeland rests upon the fact that the existence of such a commonwealth will abolish the ambiguity of the Jewish position elsewhere. A Jew will be able to say with reference to a definite political Jewish entity—"I belong there" or "I do not belong there." If the Belgian, Servian, Russian, or any nationality does not constitute a problem as do the Jews, it is because these peoples actually inhabit as majorities politically definite areas universally acknowledged to be their homelands. The definition by public law of the ancient home of the Jewish people as their actual centre of life will work the same effect for the Jews. This is the intention of Mr. Balfour's statement. By virtue of it, the Jewish people appears, for the first time since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, as a recognized equal in the family of nationalities, acknowledged as such by the foremost democratic commonwealth in the world. By virtue of it an evil thing has gone out of Europe, never to come back. Its implications are not merely the conditions and purposes of the war. Its implications are science, industry, democracy, the whole growth of that torturous and bloody liberation of the masses of men from their oppressors in which consists the humanization of mankind.

Winter Twilight

(LATE NOVEMBER)

By BLISS CARMAN

NOW Winter at the end of day
Along the ridges takes her way,

Upon her twilight round to light
The faithful candles of the night.

As quiet as a nun she goes
With silver lamp in hand, to close

The silent doors of dusk that keep
The hours of memory and sleep.

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She pauses to tread out the fires
Where Autumn's festal train retires.

The last red embers smoulder down
Behind the steeples of the town.

Austere and fine the trees stand bare
And moveless in the frosty air,

Against the pure and paling light
Before the threshold of the night.

On purple valley and dim wood
The timeless hush of solitude

Is laid, as if the time for some
Transcending mystery were come,

That shall illumine and console
The penitent and eager soul,

Setting her free to stand before
Supernal beauty and adore.

Dear Heart, in heaven's high portico
It is the hour of prayer. And lo,

Above the earth, serene and still,
One star—our star—o'er Lonetree Hill!

Beautifying American Literature

By STUART P. SHERMAN

MR. MENCKEN* is not at all satisfied with life or literature in America, for he is a lover of the beautiful. We have nowadays no beautiful literature in this country, with the possible exception of Mr. Dreiser's novels; nor do we seem in a fair way to produce anything æsthetically gratifying. Probably the root of our difficulty is that, with the exception of Mr. Huneker, Otto Heller, Ludwig Lewisohn, Mr. Untermeyer, G. S. Viereck, the author of "Der Kampf um deutsche Kultur in Amerika," and a few other choice souls, we have no critics who, understanding what beauty is, serenely and purely love it. Devoid of æsthetic sense, our native "Anglo-Saxon" historians cannot even guess what ails our native literature. For a competent historical account of our national anæsthesia one should turn, Mr. Mencken assures us, to a translation, from some foreign tongue—we cannot guess which—by Dr. Leon Kellner. Thus one readily perceives that Mr. Mencken's introductions to Conrad, Dreiser, and Huneker and his discourse on "Puritanism as a Literary Force" are of the first importance to all listeners for the soft breath and finer spirit of letters.

Though a lover of the beautiful, Mr. Mencken is not a German. He was born in Baltimore, September 12, 1880. That fact should silence the silly people who have suggested that he and Dreiser are secret agents of the Wilhelmstrasse, "told off to inject subtle doses of *Kultur* into a naïf and pious people." Furthermore, Mr. Mencken is, with George Jean Nathan, editor of that stanchly American receptacle for *belles-lettres*, the *Smart Set*. He does indeed rather ostentatiously litter his pages with German words and phrases—*unglaublich, Stammvater, Sklavenmoral, Kultur, Biertische, Kaffeeklatsch, die ewige Wiederkunft, Wille zur Macht* . . . u. s. w. He is a member of the Germania Männerchor, and he manages to work the names of most of the German musicians into his first three discourses. His favorite philosopher happens to be Nietzsche, whose beauties he has expounded in two books—first the "philosophy," then the "gist" of it. He perhaps a little flauntingly dangles before us the seductive names of Wedekind, Schnitzler, Bierbaum, Schoenberg, and Korngold. He exhibits a certain Teutonic gusto in tracing the "Pilsner motive" through the work of Mr. Huneker. His publisher is indeed Mr. Knopf. But Mr. Knopf disarms anti-German prejudice by informing us that Mr. Mencken is of "mixed blood—Saxon, Bavarian, Hessian, Irish, and English; or, as Mr. Mencken himself puts it, with his unfailing good taste, he is a "mongrel." One cannot, therefore, understand exactly why Mr. Knopf thinks it valuable to announce that Mr. Mencken "was in Berlin when relations between Germany and the United States were broken off"; nor why he adds, "Since then he has done no newspaper work save a few occasional articles." Surely there can have been no external interference with Mr. Mencken's purely æsthetic ministry to the American people.

As Mr. Mencken conceives the æsthetic ministry, there is nothing in the world more dispassionate, disinterested, freer from moral, religious, or political significance. The "typical American critic," to be sure, is a pestilent and dangerous fellow; he is a Puritan; he is obsessed by non-æsthetic ideas; he is ever bent on giving instruction in the sphere of conduct; he is always talking about politics and morals. But, Mr. Mencken assures us, "criticism, as the average American 'intellectual' understands it, is what a Frenchman, a German, or a Russian would call donkeyism." Now, though Mr. Mencken is not a German, he has an open mind. One may even say that he has a "roomy" mind. And by that token he is quite certainly not a typical American critic. We imagine that he may fairly be taken as a representative of the high European critical outlook over "beautiful letters"—as he loves to call such finely sensitive work as that of Mr. Dreiser. He does not wander over the wide field of conduct with a birch rod; he simply perceives and feels and interprets the soul of loveliness in art—to use his own expressive phrase, he beats a drum for beauty.

One who does not fix firmly in mind Mr. Mencken's theoretical *Standpunkt* is likely to be somewhat confused by his practice. The careless and cursory reader of these *belles pages* of his will probably not, it is true, be impressed with their æsthetic purity and serenity, not at first. One's first impression, indeed, is that Mr. Mencken has as many moral and political irons in the fire as the "typical American critic"—the poor native whose blood is not so richly tinctured with Saxon, Bavarian, and Hessian elements. He has a dozen non-æsthetic standards which he incessantly employs in the judgment of books and authors. He has a "philosophical theory," "politics," "social ideas," "ideas of education," and "moral convictions," with all which a piece of literature has to square, if it is to please him. These general ideas he treats by no means as trifles; he thrusts them into one's face with peculiar emphasis and insistence. So that presently one begins to suspect that his quarrel with American criticism is not so much in behalf of beauty as in behalf of a *Kultur*

*A Book of Prefaces. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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which has been too inhospitably received by such of his fellow-citizens as look to another *Stammvater* than his. Of course, the true explanation is that Mr. Mencken's culture-propaganda is what a drummer (for *das Schöne*) would call his "side-line." Beauty is the main burden of his pack.

Though Mr. Mencken's *Kultur* is not German, it reminds one faintly of the German variety as described by Professor Eucken in October, 1914: "Our German Kultur has, in its unique depth, something shrinking and severe; it does not obtrude itself, or readily yield itself up; it must be earnestly sought after and lovingly assimilated from within. This love was lacking in our neighbors; wherefore they easily came to look upon us with the eyes of hatred." Mr. Mencken's culture is like this in that one must love it ere it will seem worthy of one's love. For example, his fundamental philosophical idea is, that "human life is a seeking without finding, that its purpose is impenetrable, that joy and sorrow are alike meaningless." Then there are his political notions. The good Mr. Knopf—the good and helpful Mr. Knopf—tells us that in politics our lover of beautiful letters is "an extreme Federalist." We had divined that. Mr. Mencken himself shrinkingly betrays the fact that he considers the hopes and professions of democracy as silly and idle sentimentality. Then there are his social ideas: he is for a somewhat severe male aristocracy; he firmly points out "how vastly the rôle of women has been exaggerated, how little they amount to in the authentic struggle of man." Then there are his educational ideas. The useful Mr. Knopf informs us that Mr. Mencken "attended no university." We had divined that also. Does he not explicitly declare that "college professors, alas, never learn anything"? Does he not steadily harp on "the bombastic half-knowledge of a school teacher"? Does he not note as a sign of Mr. Huneker's critical decadence the fact that he has spoken civilly of a Princeton professor? Does he not scornfully remark, "*I* could be a professor if I would"? Then there are his moral convictions. He is anti-Christian. He is for the *Herrenmoral* and against the "Sklavmoral that besets all of us of English speech." He holds with Blake that "the lust of the goat is also to the glory of God." Finally there are his national and racial feelings and convictions. He holds that the Americans are an "upstart people," and that "formalism is the hall-mark of the national culture." He holds that the Anglo-Saxon civilization excels all others as a prolific mother of quacks and mountebanks. Mr. Mencken's continuous tirade against everything respectable in American morals, against everything characteristic of American society, and against everything and everybody distinguished in American scholarship and letters, is not precisely and strictly *æsthetic* criticism; indeed, an unsympathetic person might say that it is not criticism at all, but mere scurrility and blackguardism. His continuous laudation of a Teutonic-Oriental pessimism and nihilism in philosophy, of anti-democratic politics, of the subjection and contempt of women, of the *Herrenmoral*, and of anything but Anglo-Saxon civilization, is not precisely and strictly *æsthetic* criticism; an unsympathetic person might call it infatuated propagandism. But, of course, all these things are properly to be regarded as but the *obiter dicta* of a quiet drummer for beauty.

Still, for the æsthetic critic, it is a pleasure to turn from Mr. Mencken's somewhat polemical general ideas to the man himself as revealed by the subtle and finely woven garment of his style. Though not a German, Mr. Mencken has a beautiful style; and though he could be a professor if he would, he has a learned style. To his erudition let stand as witnesses the numberless choice words calculated to send the vulgar reader to a dictionary: "multipara," "chandala," "lamaseries," "coryza," "lagniappe," "umbilicarii," "Treuga Dei," "swamis," "gemaras," "munyonic," "glycosuria." This is clearly the vocabulary of an artist and a scholar. As an additional sign of his erudition, consider his discovery that Mr. Dreiser "stems" from the Greeks; also his three-line quotation from a Greek dramatist—in the original Greek. To prove the beauty of his phrasing and his general literary feeling, one has but to open the book and dip in anywhere. Here, in Dryden's words, is "God's plenty." How gently he touches the decline of religious faith in New England: "the old God of Plymouth Rock, as practically conceived, is now scarcely worse than the average jail warden or Italian padrone." How nobly he lays to rest the moral faith of our fathers: "the huggermugger morality of timorous, whining unintelligent and unimaginative men—envy turned into law, cowardice sanctified, stupidity made noble, Puritanism." How adequately he interprets the spirit of our emancipators: "The thing that worried the more ecstatic Abolitionists was their sneaking sense of responsibility, the fear that they themselves were flouting the fire by letting slavery go." What a felicitous image of Emerson!—"a diligent drinker from German spigots"; alas, poor Emerson, he left the German taproom too soon, and so remained a "dilettante" all his life. And here are jewels three words long that on the forefinger of Belles Lettres will sparkle forever: "professional sinhound," "blackmailing Puritan," "campaigns of snouting and suppression," "the pall of Harvard quasi-culture," "college pedagogues," "the gifted pedagogue," "Philadelphia, that depressing intellectual slum," "pedants lecturing to the pure in heart," "a leap to the Victorians, the crêpe-clad pundits, the bombastic word-mongers of the *Nation* school," "the kept idealists of the *New Republic*," "the pious gurglings of Longfellow," the "giggle" and "kittenishness" of Mr. Howells, "Rufus Wilmot Griswold, that almost fabulous ass," "the era of cuspidors," the "sonorous platitudes" [of Mr. Brownell], the "calm superior numskullery that was Victorian," "eminent excoriators of the Rum Demon," "the intolerable prudishness and dirtymindedness of Puritanism"—"one ingests a horse-doctor's dose of words, but fails to acquire any illumination."

The sheer verbal loveliness of writing like this can never pass away. It is the writing of a sensitive intellectual aristocrat. It has the quality and tone of high breeding. It is the flower and fragrance of a noble and elevated mind that dwells habitually with beauty. Does not one breathe a sigh of relief as one escapes from the ruck and muck of American "culture" into the clear and spacious atmosphere of genuine æsthetic criticism? If, by exchanging our American set of standards for his "European" set, we could learn to write as Mr. Mencken does, why do we hesitate? Well, as a matter of fact, there is already a brave little band of sophomores in criticism who do not hesitate. These humming Ephemera are mostly preserved in the pure amber of Mr. Mencken's prose. At everything accepted as finely and soundly American, swift fly the pebbles, out gushes the corrosive vapor of a *discriminating* abuse. The prospect for beautiful letters in America is visibly brightening.

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Seeds of the Russian Revolution

By EUGENE MARK KAYDEN

THE poets of Russia, no less so than her novelists, have at all times expressed the hopes and despairs, the disillusionment and faith of the people. The generation of the '30's consumed itself in restless searching after the ideal, in romantic protest against oppression and the sordidness of life! The individual was lost, finding no worthy activity for his powers. Revolt and despair one hears in Lermontov's "The Sail"* (1832):

A white sail gleams, a lonely sail,
  Where blue mists rise on tossing sea. . . .
What seeketh he upon the gale?
  His native shoal why leaveth he?

The waves rear, playing; loud wind cries;
  And creaking bends the gallant mast. . . .
Ah! not from happiness he flies,
  And not for happiness his quest.

'Neath him like sapphire glides the ocean;
  Above like gold the sunlight glows;
But he, rebellious, seeks commotion,
  And dreams in storms to find repose.

With Nekrassov revolt is no longer wandering, purposeless. Like Turgenev in prose, he understood that the visible enemy of life was the institution of serfdom, and whether lyrical or didactic, he is always relentless in his hatred of social injustice and uncompromising in his purpose. He is the platform and inspiration of revolutionists and reformers, the great defender of the oppressed before the mighty:

O my native land! Name me a corner, a hut,
Where thy guardian-peasant, thy tiller, thy swain,
Does not moan! In the fields, on the highways, in cells,
In bleak dungeons, a convict in mines, and in chains,
By the hay-stack, in barns, in his cart on the plains
Where the night overtakes him, despondent, he moans;
In the waste-dreary towns, in the doorways of courts,
In his hut, in his corner, dumb-suffering, moans.
On the Volga—whose moan never dies on the river?
We have called it a song, the sad plaint of the bargeman!
O Volga, my Volga! in spring thy floods ne'er
Overflow the low banks, overrun the green fields,
As thy people's great sorrows flow over the land.
O my heart! O my people! what means this your anguish,
Your unending long moan? Will you wake in your might?
Or, by mandate of fate, have you compassed your labors,
All that lay in your hand, every thoroughfare traversed?
Made a song for your anthem, a death-song, a moan,
And your spirit forevermore sunk into sleep?

The harvest field was to him "forbidden grain," and the bread of fields where bondsmen sweat was "poison bread." Russia, meek and mightful, powerless and plentiful, teeming and yet pitiful, was the mighty and single passion of his life. Feeling that he was dying, he wrote with despair and tears of hope:

Lower, lower the ebb of my years,
  And anon with the dead I shall be. . . .
O my country! my mother! my own!
  Other eyes will behold thee set free.

But if only, ere night comes, I knew
  That unfailing and true is thy way;
That thy tillers, thy toilers, thy sons
  Are accorded a happier day;

Oh, if only one sound—not of death,
  Not of pain, not of tears—from thy deep
I could hear, ere my days with the dead—
  O my country! how glad I would sleep!

Rest, great suffering heart! Thy Russia shall be free!

As against Nekrassov, the Slavophile poet, Tiutchev, was hostile to the Westernites with their borrowed materialism and class politics. Holy Russia with her great compassion and feeling for individual human destiny was to be the pathfinder of a new age. Suffering Russia will not be saved by a platform of material progress, reform, and comfort.

Hoary, lowly native plains,
  Hamlets poor and hungering—
Mother of thy peasant toilers,
  Russia! patient, suffering.
Haughty glance of foreigner
  Will not understand or guess
Source of light and beauty hid
  In thy humble nakedness.
Bearing Cross, a slave in chains,
  Weary, worn, the Lord our God,
He from end to end, my country,
  All of thee, with blessing, trod!

TO RUSSIA

How long wilt thou in hiding flare
  Behind a mist, O Russian star?
Art thou a phantom of the air
  Forever mocking from afar?

Or must our longing eyes that gaze
  Expectant e'er to mark thy rise,
Behold thy fruitless light upblaze,
  Flash meteoric in the skies?

The gloom is darker, grief enslaves;
  Impendent looms distress before:
Whose banner sinks upon the waves?
  Awake! Sleep now or nevermore! . . .

But analysis and persistent searching into the cursed problems of life have been too much with us. And when freedom and peace shall be the share of Russia, we shall no doubt turn our faces again to the central sun of all Russian literature—the just, many-sided, joyous Pushkin, our spring, our first love. We have neglected him a bit too long. Yet, have not all our Nekrassovs, Dostoyevskys, and Tolstoys taken upon themselves the Lord's command to the Prophet of Pushkin?

THE PROPHET

Oppressed by spiritual thirst,
I went in wilderness astray;
When lo! the seraph of the Lord
Came down upon my lonely way.
With motion soft as sleep, and light,
His fingers touched my either sight;
And like a startled eagle's eyes
Then opened my prophetic eyes.
He touched my ears, and they were full
With sounds and clashings wonderful:
I heard a trembling fill the skies,
And sweeping angels over me,
And monsters creeping 'neath the sea,
And in the vale the vines arise.
He hung upon my lips awhile,
And out my sinful tongue he tore,
So full of idle words and guile,
And in my palsied mouth and sore
With right hand red with blood he clung
The serpent's wise and knowing tongue.

*The translations that follow are by Mr. Kayden.—ED. THE NATION.

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Then with his sword he clave my breast,
And plucked the heart that trembled e'er
And in my bosom, cloven, bare,
A burning coal of fire he pressed.

I lay upon the waste as dead,
And God's voice spake to me and said:
"Prophet, arise! Behold and see!
Fulfil my will! Confess my name!
From land to land and sea to sea
Thy people with my words inflame!"

The Irrepressible Anthology

By O. W. FIRKINS

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.50.

The Poetic Year for 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

The New Poetry: An Anthology. By Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The Oxford Book of Mystical Verse. By D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6s. net.

The Golden Book of Sonnets. By William Robertson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Some Imagist Poems. 1917. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

High Tide. By Mrs. Waldo Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 55 cents net.

The Little Book of Modern Verse. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 55 cents net.

The Dog's Book of Verse. By J. Earl Clauson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.

Poems of the Great War. By J. W. Cunliffe. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Soldier Poets: Songs of the Fighting Men. London: Erskine MacDonald. 1s. 6d. net.

IT is with that mixture of fear and relief that attends the final grapple with an evaded burden that I draw near to the file of anthologies under which or the prospect of which my shelves and I have sympathetically groaned for months. When a field so narrow as mysticism, when a form so confined as the sonnet, when a theme so humble as the dog, when a period so reduced as a year, can arouse the selective impulse, the heyday of the anthology has come. It meets every kind of want—wants so shy as not to have achieved a voice, wants so tenuous as not to have discovered their own being. The old anthology which chose for everybody and for all time has given place to the current type which chooses for somebody and for the hour. The specialty is somewhat reduced, while the transitoriness is greatly magnified, in Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916."

This volume revives the cheerful faith that American poetry has a future—even a present. I hope much from a national verse in which a minor voice, like Mrs. Conkling's, can give forth a strain so winged and magical as the apostrophe "To the Schooner Casco"; in which a veteran singer, like Robert U. Johnson, can distil the elixir of youth into such a "lucent syrop, tinct with cinnamon" as his poem on "Reading Horace"; wherein a man whose fame is only emergent, like Stephen Vincent Benét's, can produce so masterly and satisfying a ballad as "The Hemp.' Mr. Braithwaite's knowledge is unrivalled, and his choices are discerning. Reservations, of course, suggest themselves. He is fond of volume in poetry, but *acreage* in lyric is surely a questionable virtue. The conspicuities sometimes receive a notice which I should prefer to save for the magnitudes, and the editor now and then mistakes a thundering peal on the knocker for the actual withdrawal of the Muse's not too yielding door. But, after all deductions, one asks: "Could any other man have done better, or so well?" For posterity, possibly yes, though the competitors would be few; but for a book of avowedly temporary interest, for which the literary horizon is quite as significant as the zenith, I think of no one who could hold the balance between age and novelty, between tradition and adventure, more impartially than Mr. Braithwaite.

This book, however, does not exhaust its editor's interest in the poetry of 1916. A second volume, a "Critical Anthology" of four hundred pages, "upheaves its vastness" before the apprehensive reader. Four persons read and discuss poetry in a setting which Mr. Braithwaite has succeeded in making really attractive. Their amity is beautiful, their opinions are cohesive, as how should they not be when Mr. Braithwaite nods at Mr. Braithwaite from behind each of them? One Jason, indeed, affects the part of a scoffer, but in this model aviary the very hawks are dove-like. The conversation is, in a single word—obedient; its deference to Mr. Braithwaite's signals is exemplary. At times, when a stiff official pronouncement or a grandiose rhetorical period obtrudes itself into the informalities of talk, one thinks of a dress suit worn in the forenoon.

Mr. Braithwaite, through himself or his proxies, says all manner of things, including some very good things. For instance, he tests the genuineness of *vers libre* by the ability of its practitioners to make the same impression on critical sensibility when they write in the established forms. The remark may not be profound, but its sense and pertinence are quite as valuable as profundity. Mr. Braithwaite can live in other men's verse; that is his distinction no less than his happiness. But when he traverses the ether, he falls among the nebulæ, and I sometimes am hard pressed to follow him in certain interpretations of verse which are more impalpable than the poetry itself. At other times, he repays me by the proffer of ideas which I apprehend with the utmost celerity. We all know that Mr. Braithwaite keeps his praise in a *tank*, and his drafts on that reservoir in the present volume are of characteristic liberality. As for standard English, he seems definitely to have severed his relationship with that archaism. He says—or one of his simulacra says for him: "I don't suppose language can live in a state of purity when there is a touch of corruption in everything else." The remark is quite true and charmingly perspicacious, but the inference which Mr. Braithwaite has drawn from it in his own practice is less satisfying. In a disorderly world, remissness will creep into the most punctilious apparel, but that is hardly a reason for wearing one's hat

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wrong side to. If Mr. Braithwaite should publish another "Critical Anthology," I dare not say that he would not please his friends; but I am certain that he would not grieve his enemies.

My respect for Miss Harriet Monroe is sincere, but I remain tepid before the new anthology in which she and Mrs. Henderson collaborate. I concede value to part of its contents, interest to more; I admit a species of utility: but to my mind the book is inexact, and its aim and claim, if I understand its declarations, is exactness. It wishes to define the "new poetry."

Miss Monroe tells us in her preface that "the new poetry strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life." What does "realization" mean? Can Miss Monroe point out the line in her anthology in which the appropriation, the *imprisonment,* of the object by the phrase is more successful than in Tennyson's "moan of doves in immemorial elms," or Arnold's "vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world," or Browning's tulip blowing out "its great red bell like a thin clear babble of blood"? She proceeds: "It has set before itself an ideal of absolute simplicity and sincerity—an ideal which implies an individual, unstereotyped diction; and an individual, unstereotyped rhythm." Now simplicity and sincerity as criteria have two signal merits: they are fashionable and innocuous. They are "patronesses" with the double virtue of their kind; their endorsement is precious and their authority is negligible. A devotion to simplicity and sincerity in theory will interfere with subtlety or involution in practice as little as a devotion to peace interferes with the vigorous and eager prosecution of war.

Next as to the "individual, unstereotyped diction." Miss Monroe is bound to define these words in terms which shall exclude the diction of Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, and Rossetti, and shall include the diction of the new poets. Can she furnish that definition? In the matter of rhythm, free verse offers a more solid distinction, but free verse prevails in only one section of the new poetry, and a differentia which covers only half the field to be differenced is unacceptable to clear minds. I find in Miss Monroe's definition so much of the vilified "theory" and "abstraction" and "remoteness" that I half-imagine I am reading a bit of Victorian poetry.

A poetry which is "intensive rather than diffuse" has been exemplified in an anthology that is diffusive rather than intense. The short period from 1900 to 1917 furnishes more than a hundred poets, more than three hundred contributions. Here is obviously no attempt in Mr. James's phrase to put selection "on its mettle." Even more inimical to clearness of ideas is the inclusion of poets like Percy Mackaye and Sara Teasdale and Alice Meynell, whose affiliations with the new poetry are either dubious or indistinct. The new verse, like a social aspirant, is mindful of the sixteenth-cousinships. This makes for catholicity, makes even for absolute value; what it does not further is elucidation. Moreover, the very liberality is partial. The conservative pays double for admission in power, in beauty, in repute. Over the door of the tent in which the exhibit is set forth floats a pennant with the inscription: Radicals at half price. The advantage to needy radicals is obvious.

The "mystical" anthology contains 631 pages of selected verse. Anthologies nibble at authors, and one cannot but ask whether the appetite to which these dimensions are answerable should be content to nibble. Invalids must be coaxed with morsels, but morsels by the ton imply robustness. The editors are men of taste, but there is no rigor either in the demarcation of type or in the estimates of quality. In spite of laxities, however, the novelty of the enterprise gives the book a real value.

I think I get more pleasure out of Mr. Robertson's "Golden Book of English Sonnets" than from any other book handled in this article, with the exception of "Soldier Poets." The sonnet conspires with the anthologist. Its soul is like a star and dwells apart, and its altitude and solitude are such that it unites with other stars in relations which permit harmony while they inhibit coalescence. The form of the book is attractive, and the editorship, though not masterly, is competent.

I recommend in "Some Imagist Poems" the courage of its brevity. The lavishness of so many current anthologies is both inertia and cowardice. Preface is wisely eschewed. For the rest, the work follows its type—oracular, crepuscular, spectacular. The chief novelty is the appearance of war themes, under the stress of which the poetry sometimes flushes faintly, but more commonly retains its wanness.

The ease of the procreation of books in our shifty era is illustrated in the selection from Mr. Masefield's poems. Out of four narratives, "Dauber" and "The Everlasting Mercy" are chosen; a dozen ballads and a half-dozen sonnets are culled from Mr. Masefield's straitened output in both fields. A six-page glossary of sea-terms is added. Apart from this useful glossary, a clever student in an industrious afternoon, if he knew Masefield, could virtually have compiled this volume which has absorbed the convergent energies of three Ph.D.'s.

Thomas Hardy's sombre and powerful genius appears to advantage in the wisely sifted and dainty form which it assumes in the latest addition to the Golden Treasury series. Medusa loses half her grimness in a cameo.

"The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson," to which Mr. Wilfrid contributes a hovering or embosoming preface, contains beautiful things, but the total effect is a little too liturgical and churchly.

The inclusion of excellence is an easy triumph for an anthology; the keen test comes in the exclusion of mediocrity. Mrs. Richards's "High Tide" meets the easy test more successfully than the hard one. The limitation of the contents to songs of joy and vision has given to the collection a literary temper in which the pied and spotted anthologies of the composite type are notably deficient. I am, once more, grateful to Mrs. Richards for proving to an incredulous age that poetry can keep its station as poetry in the absence of the prevalent subsidies from the uncouth, the acrid, and the obscene.

Miss Rittenhouse's well-known "Little Book of Modern Verse" has been republished in a cheap edition destined, apparently, for classroom use. I do not myself subscribe to the educational theory which aims to qualify people to judge the poetry of the next three decades by standards evolved from the poetry of the three decades we have just passed. Lonely as I am in my rejection of this principle, I resume fellowship with my kind in the applause I am able to grant on other grounds to Miss Rittenhouse's interesting and instructive book.

The love of dogs consolidates mankind, and it is far from unnatural that very great names and very little names should fraternize in the list of contributors to Mr. Clauson's entertaining and amiable "Dog's Book of Verse." It

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is hardly the editor's fault that dogs *en masse*, in the dog-shop or the dog-show or the dog-book, remind us intermittently of the kennel.

I trust that Mr. Cunliffe's "Poems of the Great War" will find a ready sale. The volume is generously purposed in relation to the Belgian Scholarship Committee, and it furnishes a memento of current history in something like an epitome of living verse. The prominences—even the protuberances—of our present-day Parnassus are exemplified with rare exceptions. The poetry is good, but not superlative; in war verse the best voices excel neither others nor themselves, and war has not quickened poetry in anything like the degree in which it has moved poets. As to literary quality my impression is that Mr. Cunliffe guesses, but his guesses are not so inept as to impoverish the volume. Mr. Bodenheim's flagrant "Camp-Follower" should have been rejected, not to say ejected, and it is difficult to follow Mr. Cunliffe in the naïveté or the subtlety which classes Miss Lowell's eighteenth-century "Patterns" among poems of the great war. He aspires to catholicity. This fashion of being catholic will turn readers into protestants.

"Soldier Poets" sells for one and sixpence, and its value is inestimable. The tears of people who confess that they shed tears have usually more water than salt in their composition, but I own that I could not read this volume with dry eyes. The literature has no need to cower behind the authorship; it is good literature; rhythm, sentiment, descriptive touch, succinct phrase, are worthy of the stern and high circumstance in which their genesis was couched. But it is little phrases like these taken from Mr. Kyle's vibrating introduction: Lieutenant Hodgson "found a grave in France in July last," Corporal Robertson has been "missing since July 1," which add to the lyric grace a something beside which epic is tinsel, a something which associates the work inseparably with the irremediable losses and the everlasting possessions of our suffering century and race.

Correspondence

Anti-Imperialists in Canada

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One need not confess to a partisanship for either Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir Robert Borden in expressing regret that Mr. Villard in his article in your issue of November 22 has apparently confused two quite distinct classes of Canadians when he states: "Now, there is a marked reaction in many circles in Canada against closer alliance with the mother country which this war is believed to foreshadow. . . . But there is a surprising amount of feeling that Canada will go into no war hereafter of England's making unless she receives a voice in the conduct of imperial foreign affairs and a widespread determination to insist that Canada shall be more rather than less independent of England hereafter." The anti-imperialist Canadian does, indeed, oppose strengthening ties that bind England and Canada, but he admits of no "unless" to qualify his opposition. It is not the anti-imperialist, then, but the pro-imperialist among Canadians that is determined "that Canada will go into no war hereafter of England's making unless she receives a voice in the conduct of imperial foreign affairs," simply because he sees in "the closer alliance with the mother country which this war foreshadows" the very imperialism Canadians have ever dreamed of, a British Empire made up of coördinate nationalisms, and the certainty "that Canada shall be more rather than less independent of England hereafter."

It will probably prove disastrous to any claim of neutrality between the rival Canadian party leaders to express the further regret that Mr. Villard has permitted himself something of an assumption in his statement that Sir Wilfrid Laurier "went to defeat in 1911 on the issue of reciprocity, which would have been so advantageous to both countries"; but I cannot refrain from pointing out that at least one Canadian protest to the assumption I refer to is to be found in the fact that M. Henri Bourassa (who has never ceased to proclaim his devotion to whatever makes for the prosperity of Canada) at the time of the last general election was so slightly impressed by reciprocity as a thing "advantageous" that, as Mr. Villard admits, he made possible a no-reciprocity victory. V. L. O. CHITTICK

Columbia University, November 23

Faculties and Academic Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Villard (in his vigorous and admirable letter in this week's *Nation* on "The Allen Eaton Case") is not the first to tell us what a disapproving faculty ought to do when one of their number is unjustly ejected from his chair. "What should have happened," he says, "is an uprising of the faculty and the resignation of every member from President Campbell down who understands both the wrong done to Mr. Eaton personally and, what is far more important, the grave injury to the cause of academic freedom. Until there is such a united action by some faculty it is doubtful whether any headway can be made against the growing intolerance," etc. Similar advice, flowing from the noble indignation of otherwise disinterested persons, has been given on numerous occasions of unjust dismissals. But such generous critics of the torpid academic soul might well try to look certain other facts squarely in the face, nor is it shameful, in my judgment, for the academic to recognize or even to state them frankly. I may the more readily do so because I have the happiness to serve in a university where freedom, academic and other, is as utterly untrammelled as it could well be in any social world, and where my academically trained imagination cannot conceive the possibility arising of any such action as has defiled the annals of a number of colleges and universities from Connecticut to Oregon.

It does not appear at all certain, or to my judgment even probable, that the unanimous resignation of some one college faculty would work immediate contrition and conversion in the heart of its brutal corporation of governors, or would quicken the fear of a hereafter in the soul of any other company of regents. It is as idle as to suppose that Germany may suddenly be converted to a sweet reasonableness and an enthusiasm for democratic liberty by the stress of military defeat, which I trust she is destined to suffer. If the desired reformation could be effected by the resignation of a faculty, or of twenty faculties, doubtless it would be their duty thus to sacrifice themselves. But do Mr. Villard, and those well-disposed champions who agree with him on the efficacy of the sug-

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gested remedy, really understand what that proposed sacrifice means?

Probably nineteen out of every twenty members of academic faculties are without private means. The spiritual rewards of the academic career are immeasurable; the material rewards are small and carefully measured. Perhaps this is as it should be; at any rate it is true. Very few college professors can save anything worth consideration out of their salaries, however warmly the successful business man asserts that to be their duty. On entering the academic life they have as definitely put aside the possibility of acquiring a monetary competence as has the clergyman, or let us say the monk. Perhaps the academic also ought to be a celibate, but he is more frequently not so. He is likely to have a wife, and the prudent German custom that he should at any rate marry a wife with money has not yet been generally adopted in America. Perhaps it will come, if the Kaiser is enabled fully to domicile his victorious Kultur among us. Our professor is also likely to have children; if not so many as Mr. Roosevelt would desire for him, at least some. Furthermore, his life of study and research, if pursued for any considerable term of years, is likely to render him unfit in the opinion of other employers of labor to take up a new trade; nor are places in his own field open otherwise than occasionally, and then usually only to young men (what embittered college president was it who said that professors seldom die and never resign?). If the man of already established position should resign as a protest against injustice done another, in nineteen cases out of twenty he would plunge into irretrievable beggary and drag his family with him. That is what Mr. Villard demands of him in the interest of an undemonstrable hypothesis!

If we are to have desirable academic liberty (the term, it must be conceded, is like "freedom of the seas" in having as yet no universally accepted definition), it must come through the education of the community intelligence and conscience. To this the calm work of the American Association of University Professors and the watchful and lively protests of men like Mr. Villard will contribute much. If our friend had said it was a shameful thing to have academics rushing eagerly to take the places of men unjustly dismissed, he would have said what many of us think.

ELMER TRUESDELL MERRILL

University of Chicago, November 16

Bigelow and Belgium

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me, as an old and experienced reader of the *Nation*, beg the editorial writers to keep their heads at this time, and not, in their zeal to defend the rights of free speech and to strike the spirit of militarism, indulge in extravagant language. In the issue of November 8, the *Nation* says: "It is no wonder the Secretary of War declared that the Ku-Klux assault on the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow was as bad as the German outrages in Belgium," and quotes with apparent approval a statement that "the members of the mob are blood brothers of the most debased exponents of Prussian brutality." The whole issue between our country and Germany is confused by such careless and reckless words, for the essence of the situation lies in the fact that German outrages, so far from being the work of mobs, are the deliberate decision of responsible military authorities used for the purpose either of achieving direct or indirect military success or of imposing terror upon enemies. Lynching in any form cannot be defended, but it should be reckoned with as a universal expression of the mob psychology, likely to arise in such crises as the present, when passions are stirred. The deliberate employment of revolting cruelty by a Government as part of its military programme is an altogether more sinister spectacle, revealing an intellectual and moral perversion against which the world does well to unite. To rank these two utterly different things together is to confuse the moral issue upon which the future of international society hangs.

THEODORE CLARKE SMITH

Williamstown, Mass., November 9

[As we have repeatedly emphasized the particular heinousness of the crime against Belgium, it is unfortunate that our correspondent should have inferred that we lumped the two crimes together.—ED. THE NATION.]

Outstanding Novels of the Year

By H. W. BOYNTON

IN thinking back over the mass of fiction that has appeared since the summary made under this heading a year ago, I have tried simply to let those novels emerge which were really outstanding in my own consciousness: a personal and fallible method, but, when all is said, the only one that seemed to be of real use for the purpose of this article. I may confess to having read during the year, for better or worse, well over two hundred novels: by editorial kindness I picked two hundred. It is comforting to think of the many hundreds of novels, most of them inferior, that I have not read during that time. Perhaps there were some very good ones among them, which omniscience or posterity would choose for remembrance. But that cannot be my affair: here are my two-hundred-odd, and it may mean something that twenty-odd of them stand out for me, like glints of gold, against the sandy bottom of my busy little pan.

It is a better showing, as to quality, than a similar scrutiny was able to muster last year. Much of it, to be sure, has the secondary merit, from a reviewer's point of view, of the expected and usual. Books by well-known writers, look forward to them as we may, are, after all, of well-known kinds. They offer not the enchantment of novelty, but the satisfaction of possessions that are both valued and familiar. If the story-teller falls below his best, we feel a mild regret; if he exceeds himself a trifle, we feel very comfortable about it. We are conscious of being reasonably safe in the hands of a good performer. Even when he merely repeats himself, habit and momentum serve to maintain his lead over the "average" performer, his certainty of being "placed" in any field. It is on no higher grounds, I fear, that our present list would include the latest books of Messrs. Wells, Galsworthy, Marshall, Beresford, and Churchill. Mr. Wells has the world by the buttonhole still, but he may not be able to hold it forever with that same old anecdote of his, however ingeniously and ingenuously he may re-refurbish it. A year ago he did startle us: a Wells converted, transformed, humble before the Lord, pledged to

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see life through in the light of his new and saving grace. Alas, the "note of rich faith" upon which the voice of Mr. Britling ceased has cracked already! It is too plain from Mr. Wells's later confidences that he exults in his Invisible King as a creature of his own invention, a deity made in his own likeness. This god is merely the latest of the Wellsian contrivances for making the world-machine work properly. Mr. Wells is quite in earnest about it: serious he cannot be. "The Soul of a Bishop," interesting as an exhibit, is of little account as a novel because it has nothing to do with a bishop or a soul. It merely presents the lively spectacle of a Mr. Polly, or a Mr. Britling, or a Mr. Wells (what's in a name?) waking to find himself attired in apron and gaiters, and making haste to get rid of them. Mr. Galsworthy is a better workman, a better artist than Mr. Wells. "Beyond" shows his usual firmness of structure and grace of style, but it adds nothing to his interpretation of life, does nothing to broaden or sweeten it. It is based upon the old young convention of protest against convention, of the ancient fallacies which the "moderns" of every age have rediscovered. It thinks liberty is doing as you please, and therefore condemns authority, whether moral, social, or civil. It thinks love is lust, and therefore condemns the marriage that would restrict it, without giving it much to hope for outside of marriage. He thinks human nature is weak and therefore paints only weaklings. There is no health in it, and it will pass. In Mr. Churchill's interpretation, whatever it may lack, there is much health. The world he looks upon is a world of order, full of weakness and injustice, but unconquered by them and unconquerable, since strength and purity and generosity are in it also. He is not a great novelist, but he aims to be one; not merely the good story-teller nature made him, but a responsible interpreter of modern life in its large external aspects. He is always for the big theme and the broad handling. If he has never quite mastered such a handling, that is the fault of his endowment, not of his purpose or effort. If he seems to be always biting off a trifle more than he can chew (more than a trifle in "The Inside of the Cup"), we can but admire the honest ardor of the attempt. "The Dwelling-Place of Light," which tackles the problem of industrialism as its predecessors tackled the problems of religion and politics, wisely presents that problem without pretending to solve it; we might have wished, in this instance, something more in the direction of a solution than its vague appeal to the standards of rural-academic culture.

Mrs. Wharton's "Summer" would be ranked among the books of predicable quality only as being by the author of "Enoch Frome," which was in its day a sufficiently exciting departure from the expected. It is a moving tale, with its action that hovers so long between the neighboring verges of tragedy and squalor, and is in the end drawn back by force merely of the saving goodness in human nature, to a foothold of safety and of real if wintry sunshine. The little saga "Thorgils" is memorable also, stark tale of a simple and great-hearted soul by a writer who has often seemed merely fanciful and mannered. More characteristic of its author than Mr. Hewlett's story is "The Shadow Line" of Joseph Conrad; indeed, it might fairly be offered as a "first degree" for the novice seeking initiation into the Conradian mysteries. The menace and the glamour of his ocean are here, the humanly strange yet strangely human atoms with which it plays. One cannot forget the heart-wracking voyage of that ship, nameless and accursed, with its plague-ridden crew. . . . Morbid, yet somehow sanative, yielding to the full that sense one always has of Conrad as a being abnormally clear-sighted and common-sensible, adrift, or marooned, in a world of ghosts. Finally, among these welcome but supplementary assets of a year's reading, memory congratulates itself upon the final volume in English of the Danish tetralogy, "Pelle the Conqueror," and third of those "Books of the Small Souls," in which the Dutch novelist Couperus seems to grope almost despairingly among his minor chords for the moment of resolution into something approaching Nexö's triumphal major strain.

Of these remembered stories by well-known hands, only one, I find, has to do even remotely with the war, and that the most nearly negligible of them, as a story, Mr. Wells's figment about the bishop. Several other novels by writers with safe constituencies have dealt more closely, in a way, with the war as a physical thing: for example, "The Red Planet" of W. J. Locke, the "Missing" of Mrs. Humphry Ward, "The Second Fiddle" of Phyllis Bottome. But through the war helps the action, one feels that it has been used precisely *for* that, as a background or fulcrum, a romantic convenience. Mr. Locke's melodrama, Mrs. Ward's Victorian romance, Miss Bottome's modern comedy, have merely the war-flavor, are merely the usual articles—war-flavored. To Mr. Wells's bishop, the death-struggle of Europe is at least an eye-opener. As revealer it has its integral part in several recent novels of more or less freshness and power. On this account, I fancy, the "Changing Winds" of St. John Ervine stands out in the memory. So much of the tale belongs to the old order, the Britain of the public school and the country house (as but now once more affectionately portrayed in Archibald Marshall's "Abington Abbey"); or of youth experimenting in London (as it still experiments in the "Housemates" of J. D. Beresford). Times change, however, and the trophy we carry away in memory from this narrative is Mr. Ervine's picture of that restless, stall-fed Britain, messing with little revolutions, moral, social, and æsthetic, upon which the war broke suddenly with its devastating and purifying forces. The record closes upon the sad but not quite tragic scene of England's finest proving their quality by a sacrifice that surely cannot have been vain. The debasing and devastating aspects of the war have not gone unchronicled; once this year, at least, in "Children of Fate," by Marice Rutledge, they have had a forcible if somewhat shrill expression in fiction. This ardent pacifist lays the crime of war at the door of woman, holding that without her sanction the world would not have the deadly recurrent spectacle of that "maleness run riot" (to use the phrase of another feminist), which is war. The disintegrating effect of war on the individual also has been ruthlessly set forth in "A Soldier of Life," by Hugh de Sélincourt. In the main, however (and more wholesomely, we must think) fiction has laid its stress upon war's revealing and clarifying influences upon character: nowhere more successfully than in "The Ordeal by Fire" of Marcel Berger, that striking story of a French boulevardier, skeptic, and egotist, who in the process of becoming a cripple becomes a man. In "The Treloars," also, an American novel of unusual flavor, the uncertain currents of several helplessly "modern" lives are directed by the war into their true channels.

Fresh or unusual flavor may, I think, be found in all the other books on our memorable list. Not always an agreeable flavor: in "The Rise of David Levinsky" it is extremely unpleasant, acrid yet not clean, a ghetto flavor, perhaps. The

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disconcerting thing is that we cannot make out whether Mr. Cahan appreciates the spiritual obscenity of the creature he has made: embodiment of all the contemptible qualities an enemy of the Yiddish Jew could charge him with. In delightful and reassuring contrast is Mr. Nyburg's "The Chosen People," an interpretation of the Jew in America shot through with an idealism based upon a proud faith in the destiny of his race. That destiny, one feels, hangs quite as much upon the type represented by the hard-surfaced Russian-Jewish lawyer of the story as upon that represented by the dreaming Rabbi whose idealism is for all men to read. Three studies of feminine character seem to detach themselves, by virtue largely of their flavor, from the many. None of them is feministic. The Clare Hartill of "Regiment of Women" is a vivid and unsparing portrait of feminine individualism and egotism, a schoolmistress who cares for her pupils and associates only as they minister to her vanity and sense of power. That she once succumbs to a real emotion ironically paves the way for the almost brutal vengeance she suffers in the end. In a larger way, the book interprets the ingrowing emotionalism and moral sterility to which any community lacking the leaven of the opposite sex is prone. The book is none the less fascinating for its faintly Brontesque accent. In the same way, "Zella Sees Herself" owes something of its charm to its elusive suggestion of Jane Austen. In neither instance is the resemblance traceably a resemblance of style; it is rather a matter of atmosphere and, vaguely, of method. To tell the story of Zella in twenty words would be to tell nothing; one must be satisfied with commending it as a portrait-study of demure and pentrating humor. "Aurora the Magnificent" has humor of more robust sort. The impressiveness of that lady, indeed, depends upon the narrow margin by which her magnificence escapes the ludicrous. She is, one would say, an impossible heroine, if she were not proved. The story is a very fine and generous comedy of Americanism abroad. There is no denying Aurora, or the wholesome elemental womanhood, the ripeness of character, that underlies her outrageous bloom.

Three notable novels of interpretation must again be bracketed together by reason of their natural kinship: "His Family," "Secret Bread," and "The Three Black Pennys." They all have their being in an atmosphere of meditation, of melancholy in the Miltonic sense, of brooding upon human life, its heritage and its destiny. And in each instance this mood is focussed upon the relation of the family to the individual, both for its own sake and as symbolic of all wider human relations. In each instance also our study is based upon minute and faithful records of fact, but only as they may be subjected to the transmuting touch of imagination. And in each instance a style of dignity and individuality makes itself felt simply as the natural vehicle or expression of the substance. For such work as this creative realism is not too high a title. Two other novels of the year linger in one's mind from whose tablets so many among even recent literary experiences have been already, and happily, blurred or erased. One is "The Spring Song" of Forrest Reid, that very moving and imaginative study of the most moving of all living things: childhood laid upon the rude sacrificial stone of adolescence, and quivering to its death. The other is "The Sorry Tale," that strangely born story of the Christ which, for all its dubiousness of origin, and for all its oddity of accent and its burden of detail, has elements of beauty and even of greatness hardly to be gainsaid.

The Drama in London

By WILLIAM ARCHER

IT would be absurd to pretend that the air-raids have left the theatres quite unaffected. Some of the weaker entertainments—weaker, I mean, from the box-office point of view—they have killed off. But it is remarkable how small has been their effect on theatrical life in general; and the plays which are mainly frequented by the military element in the population have suffered not at all. I had great difficulty, the other evening, in finding a seat at "The Better 'Ole," a good-humored caricature of life in the trenches which is filling the Oxford Music-Hall twice daily; and "The Boy," a musical farce at the Adelphi, drew its £300 a performance every night of the September "Hunny-moon," to quote a popular witticism.

The production of new plays, indeed, is rather stimulated than checked by the war in the air, inasmuch as the pieces which succumb to it have to be replaced. Thus the revival of "A Pair of Spectacles" at Wyndham's Theatre has made way for Sir James Barrie's quaintly named and quaintly imagined apologue, "Dear Brutus." Though it takes its title from "Julius Cæsar":

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings—

its substance is manifestly suggested by "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But whereas Shakespeare wrote in pure creative ecstasy, without a trace of didactic purpose (Gervinus and the Germans notwithstanding), Barrie, like a true Scot, must needs improve the occasion, and preach us a gentle, unobtrusive little sermon. His moral is the ancient one—a half-truth like all such maxims—that "character is destiny." It matters not (he seems to say) whether, at the cross-roads of life, we turn to the right hand or to the left—we shall arrive none the less at the point towards which our inward impulses, our ruling passions or foibles, are headed. And then, with charming candor, he gives his case away, by showing that character itself is partly a product of circumstance, and depends in no small degree upon whether, at a critical juncture, we turn to the right hand or to the left. Marriage, for instance, is a cross-roads at which it behooves us to look warily at the finger-posts, since it is certain that one turning may lead to the Delectable Mountains, and the other to the Slough of Despond. And it is just here that perverse Nature does all she can to blindfold us!

The story of "Dear Brutus" is so dream-like and evanescent that it is very hard to imprison it in words and subject it to the jurisdiction of logic. Suffice it to say that a very ancient and eccentric gentleman who likes to be known as Lob, *tout court*—Lob, it will be remembered, is one of the aliases of that tricksy spirit Puck or Robin-Goodfellow—has gathered under his roof a heterogeneous house-party, who have, however, this common characteristic that most of them think they have taken the wrong turning in life, and would be far happier if they could get back to the cross-roads and choose their paths afresh. In the first act we find them, each in turn, bewailing their destiny. Mr. Purdie (for instance) the born philanderer, finds Miss Joanna Trout infinitely more sympathetic and attractive than Mrs. Purdie, whose main fault is that he happens to have married her. Mr. Dearth, a broken-down, alcoholic artist, attributes his degradation to his hard,

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irresponsive wife, who has not given him either the children he desired or the comprehension he required; while Mrs. Dearth feels that she made the mistake of her life in marrying this wastrel, instead of an aristocratic admirer whom she might have had for the asking. Even Lob's dishonest butler is convinced that if he had gone into business instead of into service he would now be a rich and possibly an honest man. Then some one draws aside the curtain of the French window, and lo! instead of the treeless down on which Lob has planted his habitation, we look deep into the dim aisles of a moonlit forest! For it is midsummer night, and this is the enchanted wood in which whoso wanders can repair his "wrong turning" and find his "second chance." Moved by an irresistible impulse, each little group of characters goes forth into the silvery night, while Lob stands chuckling at the practical joke he is playing on them.

The second act, in the depths of the forest, opens with a scene which vaguely recalls the Bottom and Titania episode in Shakespeare. The thievish butler has become an equally acquisitive financier, owner of many automobiles; and he is now adored by an aristocratic beauty who, in the first act, was all for sending him to prison. Then we find that Mr. Purdie, having married Joanna Trout, has discovered her to be quite uninteresting and unsympathetic, and is busy vowing the devotion of a lifetime to the lady who was, in the unamended order of things, the unsympathetic and uninteresting Mrs. Purdie. In this episode, of course, we have the counterpart of Shakespeare's Hermia-Lysander-Helena scenes. But there is no Shakespearean prototype for the passage which makes the success of the play—a delightful scene between the artist, Mr. Dearth, and Margaret, his daughter that might have been. It is full of charm and poetic feeling, and more than redeems an act in which we might otherwise have been apt to feel that the effect attained by all this lavish employment of magical apparatus was not quite commensurate with the effort. As it was, when the curtain fell on Margaret's pathetic cry, "I don't want to be a might-have-been!" we confessed ourselves conquered once more by a spell as potent as Puck's—the enchantment of the true Barrie touch.

In the third act, the gradual return of the Midsummer Night Dreamers to their sober senses is effected with a great deal of pleasant ingenuity. We are allowed to hope —at least so I gathered—that, though their memories of the magic forest are as vague as Bottom's memories of his "translation," yet all have learned something from their adventure. In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dearth there is no doubt about the matter: they go forth renovated into the fresh morning light, and Margaret follows dancing after them, perhaps to be a might-have-been no more.

If the moral of "Dear Brutus" is but a half-truth, that of "The Saving Grace," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, is so elusive that it is impossible to take the measure of its validity. The title seems to place it beyond question that some sort of moral hovered before the author's mind. By "The Saving Grace" we must no doubt understand humor (by the way, who invented the phrase?), and Mr. Chambers pretty clearly wanted to say something on that well-worn but not yet threadbare theme. But somehow he seems to have omitted the point of his anecdote—or is it, perhaps, a lack of the saving grace that prevents me from seeing it?

Blinn Corbett is an appallingly impecunious gentleman, inhabiting, with his wife and niece, a cottage near London. Impersonated by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, he is, of course, largely endowed with the saving grace, but it does not save him from being, in the first act, a particularly mean sort of adventurer, who shamelessly schemes to marry his niece, Susan Blaine, to a callow but wealthy suitor for whom she does not care. Mrs. Corbett, on the other hand, is totally devoid of humor; and, oddly enough, this deficiency is something like a saving grace in her, for we feel that she is really the soul of goodness, and that her blind adoration of her husband prevents her from realizing the baseness of his schemes. The character, played by an admirable actress, Miss Mary Jerrold, is really rather original, and is the chief attraction of the play. The boy lover is duly hooked, and all is going swimmingly, when his distracted mother descends upon the idyllic scene, like a tigress robbed of her cub, and a three-cornered duel ensues, between her exasperation, the effrontery of Corbett, and the simplicity of Mrs. Corbett. But Mrs. Guildford (the formidable parent) undermines her own position by letting it be known that her son has already been engaged to more than one undesirable young person. The jealousy which this intelligence awakens in Susan's bosom shows her that she does really care for the foolish but rather attractive youth; and presently, for no very obvious reason, Mrs. Guildford withdraws her opposition to the match. I ought to have said that the action is placed in the first weeks of the war, and that the tramp of the new armies is heard at intervals in the background—metaphorically, I mean, not literally. Blinn Corbett himself has fought with distinction in South Africa, but has left the service (we gather) under a cloud. Through his wife's artless intervention, he is, in the end, recalled to the colors, and we are given to understand that the re-awakening of patriotism has made a new man of him. Perhaps, then, it is not humor but love of country that is, in the author's eyes, "the saving grace." The point is not clear, nor is it very important. The comedy is light, bright, amiable, not without a strain of originality. It is certainly saved by its humor, even though the salvation of its hero is much rather due to his wife's lack of humor.

Capt. Desmond Coke, author of a three-act drama, "One Hour of Life," produced at the Kingsway Theatre, has, I believe, written some novels, but is new to the stage. The play is one of those which make one regret the infrequency of collaboration in England. If Capt. Coke could have obtained the collaboration of some one who could put a little style and fantasy—perhaps even a little thought—into the work, "One Hour of Life" might have been the play of the season, or of several seasons. As it is, the interest of the theme is a good deal discounted by the flabbiness and intellectual inadequacy of the workmanship.

The scene of the first act is an uninviting little Soho restaurant. There Lord Fenton, a wealthy and eccentric peer, has a rendezvous with his wife, who is living apart from him. She resents the ironic egoism of his outlook upon life, and is especially jealous of his devotion to his hobby—a unique collection of chased and jewelled snuff-boxes. It is one of his eccentricities to have chosen for a meeting-place this grimy Swiss eating-house, which gets terribly on her nerves. Moreover, she has noticed in the street outside a man who fixed a sinister gaze upon her gorgeous raiment and glittering jewels; and her husband's

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refusal to take her nervousness seriously adds the last straw to her exasperation. The interview, then, is far from being a success. At its close (for no very satisfactory reason) Lord Fenton goes off in his motor car, leaving her alone to await the return of the car, which is then to convey her to her separate abode. No sooner has he gone than a picturesque and handsome personage enters, whom Lady Fenton recognizes as the man of the sinister eyes. To her horror, he comes up to her, addresses her endearingly, and begs her to come away with him. When her vehement indignation brings the manager and waiters on the scene, the intruder calmly explains that the lady is his wife, that she is subject to hallucinations, and that all he wants is to get her to come quietly home. He plays his part very cleverly, and makes an ally of the manager of the restaurant, who has from the first regarded with disfavor the eccentric conduct of Lord and Lady Fenton. The scene, in narration, sound rather extravagant, but in action it appears quite plausible. We feel that the unfortunate lady is absolutely trapped, and that the more angry and alarmed she becomes, the more does she play into the kidnapper's hands. When, at last, he carries her, fainting, from the stage, we have the sensation of having assisted at a perfectly conceivable exploit of audacious criminality. Unfortunately, this is much the best scene in the play.

In the second act, the kidnapper arrives with his still unconscious victim at the headquarters of his gang, a handsomely furnished room in Bloomsbury. The gang, four in number, is no ordinary band of thieves. They are men of education and of high social idealism, who have devoted themselves to the science and art of burglary in order to effect a juster partition of the good things of this world. Like Robin Hood of old, what they take from the rich they give to the poor; and the initials of their association—"G. C. D. B.," or General Charity Distribution Bureau—appear, with handsome donations attached, in many a charitable subscription list. When Lady Fenton comes to herself, she is at first horror-struck to find that she has been stripped of all her jewelry and is in a den of thieves. But her captor—known to the police as "Slim Jim" by reason of the success with which he has eluded them—tells his own story and expounds the principles of the gang in an oration so eloquent and impassioned that she is carried away metaphorically, just as she was literally in the previous act. Her husband has somehow tracked her and is heard hammering at the door; but she hides from him and enables the gang to send him away discomfited. Nor is she content with this—she is so hypnotized, partly by the person and partly by the ideas of Slim Jim, that she offers to help him in breaking into her husband's house and scooping up the priceless collection of snuff-boxes. Thus she will at once gratify her grudge against her husband's hobby and further the humanitarian activities of the latter-day Robin Hood and his merry men.

Now this is an excellent fantastic idea. Stevenson might have made of it a "New Arabian Night." But it is essential that it should be treated with a little imagination and irony, and especially that the flaws in the economic policy of the Bloomsbury bandits should be gently hinted at. The author, unhappily, does none of these things. The long speech of Slim Jim is perfectly serious, highly rhetorical, and extremely foolish—so much so that we can by no means sympathize with Lady Fenton in being, even for the moment, taken in by it. Nor is there the smallest suggestion of economic criticism. We are not, of course, expected to accept, as Lady Fenton does, the principles of the gang; the whole thing is too preposterous to be taken seriously; but there is nothing to show that the author realizes where the economic fallacy comes in, or has any notion that his philanthropic freebooters are only reducing to absurdity an idea that has, from time immemorial, wrought incalculable harm. There is no one to hint that the coming of a juster economic dispensation is not hastened, but indefinitely postponed, by "robbing Peter to pauperize Paul," or even by inducing Peter to "sell all he has and give to the poor." There is no one to suggest that what the philanthropists ought to work for is a juster distribution of wealth at its source, not haphazard and futile re-distributions—illusory corrections of an infinitesimal part of the results of a radically unjust system.

The third act lacks even the structural ingenuity of the other two. It deals, of course, with the attempted rape of the snuff-boxes; but it is wholly incredible and ineffective, both in its external incidents and in its psychological processes. It is a great pity that a play containing so much excellent material should not have been more felicitously handled. Some of the scenes in the first two acts are admirably conceived; but they are interspersed with passages which are positively tedious, simply because of their poverty of thought and flatness of expression.

London, November 1

BOOKS

Tennyson Made Easy

Alfred Tennyson: How to Know Him. By Raymond Macdonald Alden. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

TENNYSON was a humorist as well as a lyrical poet; and expressed once whimsical regret that he had become a classic in his own lifetime, a subject for study in schools. He fancied children sighing over "That horrid Tennyson," as a task. What he would think of the various guides, introductions, handbooks to his works, such as this issue of the "How to Know" series, may readily be conceived. All this multiplication of apparatus to induce people to read poetry, and Tennyson's poetry, has a comic aspect like trying to persuade a cat to lap cream, or a duck to swim. If it were to read theology, or political economy, or philosophy, the end might justify the means; but poetry——

This book follows the accepted pattern—a brief life of the poet followed by chapters which combine analysis and criticism of the more popular poems along with copious extracts from them. It is well calculated to bring reluctant intellects to the water, even if it cannot compel them to drink.

As an American interpreter of Tennyson, Professor Alden labors under the disadvantage of remoteness from the poet's environment and also from his modes of thought. An English country rectory in the early nineteenth century is very far away from a California university in the twentieth. The critic fails to appreciate the moulding influence of Tennyson's spiritual environment upon him, how narrowly English he was, as Dowden pointed out, or how his mind was formed by study of the classics. Stedman showed the influence of Theocritus upon the "English Idyls"; and the Memoir contains much evidence on Tenny-

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son's life-long adherence to classical standards. But the age has definitely moved away from the classics, no doubt to its immense advantage; and such a masterpiece as "Lucretius" is not even mentioned.

This remoteness from Tennyson's world leads his interpreter into misconception. He misses the point of "The Northern Farmer." That admirable monologist is not a "hard-souled old Pharisee" at all, but a rugged old pagan, a typical English rustic with a feudal devotion to the squire and the peasant's passion for "the lond." His own death matters not a whit, compared with the inconvenience it may cause the squire, and the possible maltreatment of his dearly loved fields. His Christianity was a veneer; going to church in his wife's lifetime and voting on the Tory side was the whole of it. His real religion was "dooty" to the squire, the land, and even to bad Bessy Marris's natural son. This sense of duty runs like a scarlet silken thread through the sack-cloth quality of his life, like Sir Anthony Gloster's poetic decision to be buried at sea at the very spot where his wife's coffin was slid overside, "By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank." In fact, duty strikes the keynote of "The Northern Farmer" as surely as in the great ode on the death of Wellington, whose passing Longfellow also celebrated. It is a Roman quality in the English which has made them form a cult of Duty. Wordsworth as high priest named her "Stern daughter of the voice of God."

Less pardonable is the misconception of the exquisite lyric snatch, "O that 'twere possible," out of which grew the richer, fuller melodies of "Maud." The lover is neither "distraught" nor "forsaken" (p. 91). He expresses the longing of millions in all ages for the briefest glimpse of their dead—

> The souls that we loved, that they might tell us
> What and where they be.

Professor Alden follows Dr. van Dyke's lead in regarding "Maud" as a splendid failure, more or less, which raises the question whether professors and parsons can ever fall in love. The point of "Maud" is how love can lift and ennoble a morbid nature almost driven insane by brooding on a family tragedy. Alone among critics, Mallock has perceived the depth and purity and passion of this modern "Song of Songs." He contends that the modern lover surpasses Shakespeare's Romeo in the spirituality of his affection. His love for Maud has made his "life a perfumed altar flame." Love leading to self-dedication is a modern Victorian idea.

Much critical ink has been spilt in making comparisons which lead nowhere. Tennyson is blamed for lacking Browning's profundity; and Browning for lacking Tennyson's mellifluousness and sense of form. The poet is compared with himself and blamed for what he is *not*, rather than appraised for what he *is*. So many critics write of Tennyson without seeming to be aware that he was an artist and lived to create beauty. They almost take for granted that literature is overburdened with creations of pure beauty, "About the best thing God invents," says Browning, and that "the champagne flavor," as FitzGerald called it, of "English Idyls," is as common as the taste of dirt in Spoon River. They find also that Tennyson is defective in thinking, almost shallow, the man who thought out for himself the main lines of evolution ten years before "The Origin of Species" appeared, and formulated the new doctrine in the chiselled verse of "In Memoriam." This unreflecting chatter about Tennyson's shallowness should cease.

On the whole, Professor Alden is on the side of the angels, and defends this Victorian archangel against the attacks of the little cliques, the faddists and the Philistines. He might, however, make fewer concessions to the enemy.

There are ways and ways of knowing Tennyson. The best way undoubtedly is to discover for yourself the old maroon-bound volume of Ticknor and Fields, and explore it in the winter evenings by the light of the family lamp, when you ought to be at your lessons, and the crackling of a turned leaf may rouse the Olympians to the fact that it is that boy's bed time. But such ideal conditions cannot be standardized.

Canada's Jubilee Meditations

The New Era in Canada: Essays Dealing with the Upbuilding of the Canadian Commonwealth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

HALF a century ago, four British-American colonies united to form a new political entity, the Dominion of Canada. It was a daring experiment. All four provinces were poor and thinly settled, sadly lacking in communications and mutual understanding; two had an ill repute for "debt, deadlock, and rebellion"; political faction feeling ran high and was aggravated by differences of race and religion; the means employed to bring the union about were not always above reproach; and yet the experiment succeeded. The four provinces have grown to nine, embracing almost half the continent. The best proof of its strength is the way it has met the wrench and strain of this terrific war. In spite of the irreparable loss in the flower of Canadian manhood, in spite of the growing financial burdens, the Dominion is facing the issue of this long crisis not only without flinching, but with confidence and hope. But for the war, the Jubilee of Confederation would have been made a great national festival; even so the anniversary has not been allowed to pass unmarked by fitting memorials. The most instructive to the outer world and the most permanently valuable will be the various publications of the Canadian *intelligentsia*, such as the collection of essays entitled "The New Era in Canada."

It is an illuminating symposium. Without exception, the papers are able and well written, and the writers are representative of the various classes and interests in Canada. The list of contributors includes a Roman Catholic archbishop, the chairman of a Federal commission, the president of a great bank, the head of a leading boys' school, two women, three university professors, and three journalists. The eyes of one and all are turned not on the present crisis, but on the future of the Canadian commonwealth. Their aim is to awaken their own people to the problems they must grapple with, if Canada is to live on as a free and progressive nation. For this reason, it affords the alien but sympathetic observer glimpses into the national consciousness of a sister state.

Two papers are by Leacock, and those who know him only as a jester and satirist will be surprised at the pessimism of the professor of political economy. In the opening essay "Democracy and Social Progress," he leads his readers to the brink of a black abyss and lets them gaze into it. He has

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no more illusions about democracy than Godkin himself, whom indeed he quotes. Demos believed in an elected legislature as a cure for all his ills. Tested by time, an elected legislature has proved to be very faulty. It could be misled, bullied, stampeded, bribed, or bought in the lump. Leacock's conclusion is that democracy is no more infallible than any other form of government. Its strength lies in the moral energy of the citizens who support it. "For honest government, we must have honest people. Without that there is no hope." Equally clear-sighted and vigorous is his concluding essay, "Our National Organization for the War," which is being circulated in Canada almost as a "Tract for the Times." He pricks the bubble of war-time prosperity and warns, like Cassandra, of coming ruin.

Sir Clifford Sifton, a noted practical politician, shows how the foundations of the "New Era" can be definitely laid, by legal enactment. Extended scope of the Civil Service act, reform of the Senate, amendment of the B. N. A. act, which is the Canadian Constitution, would make for progress. The knotty problem of French and English in Canada is handled by Professor Wrong with sympathy and understanding. The peculiar state of things in the Ottawa schools is set in its true light as a plain breach of the law. Professor Adams tells some sorely needed home truths about the "inexhaustible" character of Canada's natural resources. The defects of city government, slums, overcrowding, lack of continuity in policy are discussed by the editor, Principal Miller, of Ridley College. Two papers discuss Canada's relations within the British Empire. Mr. A. J. Glazebrook is all for closer, organic union, while Mr. J. W. Dafoe points out the lions in the path, and would let well enough alone. The women's contributions are significant. One urges her sisters on to more knowledge and more thorough understanding of their special employments, above all, the care of the home and the care of children. The other is mainly interested in the suffrage for women, and hopes that the bestowal of the franchise will create a new class of voters not bound by the conventions of the existing parties.

Plain dealing is the note of all the essays. There is no flattery of popular prejudices, or of a foolish national pride. Evils in the body politic are clearly envisaged: and, at the same time, there is a distinct effort at construction. If the ideas set forth in these papers can win popular support and be worked out in practice, the outlook for the Dominion is distinctly hopeful. All the discussion proceeds upon the tacit assumption that there is a future for Canada, that the world will be made safe for this particular democracy, and not become a dead, desolate, Prussia-ridden planet.

The Financial Factor in the War

Trade Fallacies. By Arthur Kitson. London: P. S. King & Son.

DOUBTLESS it would be a good thing for every one to simplify his problems more than he does, but it is possible to carry the process too far and by so doing to eliminate some of the essentials. Our author thinks that those conducting the affairs of the nations, particularly Great Britain, have forgotten a great many things they ought to remember; certainly, he himself has overlooked not a few that the rest of us cannot make ourselves forget.

He asks why the Allies have so completely failed to employ the psychological factor against the enemy, while the enemy has employed it in neutral countries with such skill and success against the Allies. In other words, why have not the Allies stemmed the Central Powers' "avalanche of falsehood" by "graphic accounts of military and naval encounters," and the like, and by a wholesale use of the "movies." It may have occurred to them that the world is not altogether composed of children, or they may have been convinced that the peculiar attitude of the neutrals is not due to the "avalanche of falsehood" set in motion by the Central Powers, but to fear of invasion and to contingencies of a commercial nature.

This in passing, however. What interests us most is the "financial factor," to which our author devotes his second chapter. He appears to be full of admiration for the German way of financing the situation created by the present war. He declares that in a closed self-supporting Empire such as the Central Powers may be said to be, its entire business can be as easily, as satisfactorily, and far more economically carried on by a State Bank paper currency system than with a gold and silver currency. So long, he adds, as the paper money is made legal tender throughout the Empire for all debts public and private, so long as the Government itself honors it and keeps the amounts issued within certain bounds, there is no reason why such a system should not enable the enemy to develop his resources as the United States developed hers so successfully for the whole of the greenback period.

This statement would have a little more weight with Americans if the United States had been kept out of it. We have no illusions regarding our greenback period. Furthermore, the phrase "so long as the Government itself honors it and keeps the amounts issued within certain bounds" is not reassuring; without any such intention on our author's part, it wears a sinister appearance. What constitutes "certain bounds"? Certainly the information cannot be gathered from the weekly statements of the Reichsbank.

Mr. Kitson is not alone in assuming that if a nation has no commercial relations with the outside world it has nothing to fear from an expansive paper currency. If his acquaintance with some of our Continental issues were greater his admiration of German finance of to-day might be tempered somewhat. Rhode Island, for example, in the period to which we have just alluded, was conceivably as self-supporting as the Central Powers are, and have been during the last three years. There were no railways or telegraphs or telephones in those days. Rhode Island merchants undoubtedly bought and sold some goods, outside the State, but not more proportionately, we suspect, than Germany has been doing. The two cases, in fact, may be said to be quite analogous. Yet repeated efforts on the part of the Rhode Island government to make its paper issues legal-tender resulted in the merchants putting up their shutters and in winning for the community the soubriquet "Rogues' Island." We do not forget that the Germans are said to be a more docile race than the Yankees; yet human nature is human nature and has its limitations.

It is true that our author recognizes that there is such a thing as foreign exchange. The fact does not daunt him, however. If the entire world were, he says, under one supreme ruler, all the bullion and coin of the world might be scrapped and buried, and a universal paper currency established which would maintain and facilitate trade and

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production far more easily and with infinitely less cost and friction than at present. But the trouble is that there is not one supreme ruler; indeed, his advent grows remoter every day. Besides, if he were to appear to-morrow, should we have a guarantee that he could do on a world-scale what Rhode Island, to stick to our illustration, was unable to do on a small scale?

In a chapter on the Gold Fetish our author says: "If in the future our currency and credit are to be based on gold, and if they are to be made redeemable in gold on demand, then our industries, our trade, and commerce must be restricted." Let us hope that some time a better stabilizer of trade than gold will be found, but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. It is a bad thing to have trade and commerce restricted; it is much worse to have them overexpanded.

German trade, we are told, can be captured only by the nation that can emulate Germany's trade methods, especially banking methods. The proof of the pudding is always in the eating. The last word about German banking in connection with trade expansion has not been spoken. Those who remember the bank scandals of 1900 and certain revelations a few months before the outbreak of the present war, will insist on suspending judgment on these methods for a while. Germany's attempt at economic conquest of the world has, it is suspected, been a very expensive project. If it had been less expensive it is possible that the larger part of the world would not now be in arms. The trouble with our author is that, in attempting to strike a balance, he has left some of the elements of cost out of account.

Incidentally he pays his respects to Gresham's law, which he says is contradictory to all the laws of efficiency, evolution, and common-sense. This he proves by declaring that steel is enormously cheaper than gold, but a steel bridge is infinitely cheaper and better than one of gold. Financial writers who extol a bank check currency are unconsciously denying the validity of Gresham's law which they profess to uphold. Check currency is the cheapest form of money ever known, and has driven out gold currency to an extraordinary extent.

Here we reach the point where argument is impossible. This allusion to Gresham's law admirably illustrates the type of mind that impregnates this work. It is singularly devoid of real historical knowledge, of economic insight, of any grasp of the subtleties of industrial intercourse. Yet its very naïveté, combined with an excellent command of the king's English and a self-confidence which we admire without respecting, makes the book entertaining reading.

Patriotism and Food

The Food Problem. By Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

"PATRIOTISM and food! Winning a world war by eating corn and chicken instead of wheat and beef! It will take much education to get this point of view. An army of food-savers does not appeal to the imagination at first consideration. But remember the large words of M. Bloch: 'That is the future of war—not fighting but famine.'"

In these words is summed up the spirit of this timely book on the present food problem by Professor Kellogg, of Stanford University, and Professor Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania. Both are members of the United States Food Administration, and there is a preface by the chief of that department, Herbert Hoover, who does not exaggerate the importance of his task when he declares that "to-day the war has entered a phase in which food dominates the economics, strategy, and statesmanship, not only of the countries at war, but of neutrals as well." His latest conclusion is that we should encourage now the production of animals rather than restrict too largely our encouragement to the production of wheat, because it will be easier for us, as it will be easier for Europe, to recover lost wheat acreage than the lost herds. One partial substitute for animals may be found by increasing the supply of vegetable fats, and in this, Mr. Hoover declares, "lies much of the world's hopes."

These points and a hundred others are discussed in detail by the authors of "The Food Problem." Their volume is so replete with facts and cogent, lucid reasoning that it is indispensable to all who write on this problem for newspapers and magazines; and those who are inclined to carp at this or that action of the Food Administration will be moved to leniency after realizing, through a perusal of these pages, the great difficulties and perplexities confronting this Administration. Glimpses of its many-sided activity are given; its officials have conferences at Washington with representatives of live-stock growers, packers, and so on; other divisions, largely manned by volunteers who work without compensation, devote their attention to groceries, dairy products, fruits, vegetables. Representatives are sent by the great national organizations of women for conferences; and the participation of the churches in the work is already highly developed. "It is a fine exhibition of the patriotism and practical possibilities of the American churches when appealed to for national service." All this activity gives an anticipatory answer to the question: "Are we patriots enough to stand without flinching when our pockets and appetites are touched?"

With the possible exception of China the United States is the largest food-producing country in the world; our animal products alone amounted last year to over twenty billions of pounds. That we should be called upon seriously to economize and largely change our food habits would have seemed incredible a few years ago; yet here we are in the midst of the world-war, looking to the European nations who have been in it three years for hints as to what we had best do. Among the most valuable pages in this book are those in which the authors relate what has been done in England, France, Italy, and Germany to solve the food problems; to conserve supplies, to stop waste, to curb profiteers, to prevent hoarding, to enforce new food habits, etc.—all for the ultimate benefit of the consumer as well as to help win the war by promoting efficiency. It is consoling to find that the authors are convinced that some of the most drastic measures will not be used in this country; nor are we likely to make experiments along lines which have proved failures abroad. In England, for instance, the "Runciman Order," limiting lunches to two courses and dinners to three, was revoked after four months as a flat failure. It was found that lessening the use of the less important and luxurious foods actually increased the use of such staples as bread and meat, which was exactly what was not desired.

Particularly instructive, psychologically as well as economically, are the results of a study of conditions in Germany made in these pages. It appears that, even with the aid of women and prisoners of war, the intensive

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methods of cultivating the soil could not be maintained, the result being that the population is now subsisting on two-thirds of the diet previously regarded as a minimum. The rationing system has been only a partial success. Despite military discipline and table policing, the authorities have been unable to control the use of wheat and rye by the peasants. In the case of meats, dairy products, fruits, and vegetables the attempt to keep a normal distance between the producer's price and the consumer's price has proved a failure. Extortion has not been prevented, speculation has not been checked, and distribution has not been equitable. "Despite the constant appeal by the authorities that success in the war depended in part upon the maintenance of the food regulations, producers were always willing to break them, and so were the consumers with means." One thing has been done thoroughly: waste has been almost eliminated. The discipline which this involves has, however, been so irksome that the women of Germany "long for the day when wasting will again be permitted." This is probably the strangest result of these investigations: that when the food supply runs low, people will eat less sooner than waste less!

The second part of this volume is concerned with the physiology and sociology of nutrition, with final chapters on Grain and Alcohol and Patriotism and Food. The sources of the food elements: vitamines, minerals, sugar and starch, proteins, meats, and fats are discussed, with many sidelights on the problems immediately before us. One thing may puzzle the reader: why does the Government not compel the millers to stop denaturing grains; that is, removing from them fats and mineral salts that have great nutritive value? It is no answer to this very important question to state that there are other sources from which these particular food elements may be derived. So there are; but why compel our soldiers to add vegetables and fruits—which are not always easy to obtain —to an arbitrarily denatured bread diet which might be made sufficient in itself? Here, surely, the Government does not discourage waste. Why should not the millers be invited to be patriotic as well as the rest of us?

House and Home

Decorative Elements in Architecture. By William Francklyn Paris, L.H.D. New York: John Lane Co.

Interior Decoration for the Small Home. By Amy L. Rolfe, M.A. New York: Macmillan Co.

The Effective Small Home. By Lilian Bayliss Green. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The Healthful House. By Lionel Robertson and T. C. O'Donnell. Battle Creek, Mich.: Good Health Publishing Co.

"The Studio" Year-Book of Decorative Art. New York: John Lane Co.

Arts and Crafts: A Review of the Work Executed by Students in the Leading Art Schools of Great Britain and Ireland. Edited by Charles Holme. New York: John Lane Co.

HOUSES to live in rather than to look at are commended in these as in many other recent books of the kind. They all say much the same thing in differing ways. In the aggregate they stand for a quite wonderful influence. This tireless stressing of simplicity, of fitting the place of residence to practical needs, is undoubtedly producing a better domestic architecture from Machias to San Diego. For the fact that many of the newest American houses are as fine in front and furnishings as the oldest, and incomparably better than the ruck and truck of our middle period, one thanks such propaganda as is directed by art-school graduates in the volumes under review.

The most distinctly literary accent is contained in Mr. Paris's epigrammatic pronouncements. The author has, naturally, a different mode of speech from that of an adviser-in-particular to the readers of a women's magazine. Ideas interest him more than the issue of aluminum vs. enamelled coffee-pots. His examples of decorative art are taken from palaces and great museums, not from laborers' houses at Port Sunlight or Gary. His book is quite continental in quality; the reviewer, indeed, perhaps through insular prejudice, feels that an occasional illustration from English eighteenth-century ironwork or American colonial furniture would sometimes carry the desired points more tellingly than do the French and Spanish pieces chosen.

The central theme of Mr. Paris's exposition is identical with that of the less costly books written to help young folk who purpose building and living in a three thousand-dollar house at Keokuk. That there is a technique of decoration to be learned and applied, whether one seeks to make truly habitable a manor house or a cottage, is the great lesson. Professional and lay ignorance of this principle has resulted in "millions spent on façades and farthings only on interiors. Many a costly gown of silk hides a tattered cotton petticoat. However, there is not the chief crime. It is, when the petticoat is also costly and of silk, for it to be too long or too full or too green."

Mr. Paris develops this idea that interior decoration, far from being a trade in which any cheap little modiste or ignorant carpenter can succeed, is a fine art as serious and arduous as the profession of architecture. To traditional forms he clings closely, holding that it "is better to repeat some fine epigram of the ancients than to utter a brand new platitude." One condones radicalism, he believes, in hats, but not in houses. To be happy, though a suburbanite, one avoids "the aberrations of Eastlake, the dislocations of Art Nouveau, and the angularities of Mission." The chapters on historic ornament, tapestries, painted glass, and iron work are worth more for the pictures accompanying them than for any addition to our sum of knowledge.

A neat summary of such parts of several works on interior decoration as apply to the small house is the substance of Miss Rolfe's unpretentious but useful little book. The author teaches home economics at the University of Montana. Her expositions read like college lectures revised for a larger audience. They will help to bring many middle-class Americans to the next plane of appreciation. "The majority of people," as Miss Rolfe writes, "have passed the stage of affection for the hearth rug proudly bearing a recumbent dog, or the carpet boasting huge roses and lilies which might have been plucked from the covers of a florist's catalogue; but it is still not generally known that, even though the design of a floor covering is conventional, it must also be sufficiently dull to stay down in its place." With Whistler one might challenge an expression of regret for "the bygone days when a love of art was the instinctive possession of even the most humble people," and still concur in hoping that, through ever widening op-

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portunities for education and travel, most men and women in the near future may enjoy such a possession.

A pleasantly personal tone pervades Mrs. Green's contribution. She describes a childish interest in prettifying a Victorian home in Ohio; her courses at Vassar College and in the art schools of New York and Paris; her marriage and first housekeeping in a Western city and the removal later on to Boston, where, having resolved to make no mistake in home-building, her husband and she undertook to make shift for a year in two rooms. This probation period, prior to buying land and erecting a suburban house, lengthened out to four years, and during it Mr. Edward Bok unexpectedly descended upon the miniature establishment of which he had heard as "a complete home on the smallest possible scale." His conclusion was: "Well, if you can do this for yourselves you are just the one to do the same sort of thing for the hundreds of women who write to us for advice."

Thus began Mrs. Green's experience as editor of a "little house department." Out of her knowledge of the real problems of anxious home-makers she has brought together a volume of most minute specifications for furnishing a house either with new possessions (at carefully estimated prices) or with things already in hand whose usefulness and looks may be improved by intelligent treatment or disposition. From the vestibule, which "should be furnished with an umbrella-stand," to the attic something is indicated to be done in every room and cranny. If the directions are often pedagogically particular, remember that the work is for simple people who must be shown just where the sewing-machine goes best.

Health talk is expected in a book out of Battle Creek. Their insistence, nevertheless, on æsthetics as a prime factor in physical and mental well-being brings Messrs. Robertson and O'Donnell into line with other missionaries of the house beautiful. Mere sanitation is not enough for health. Women are twice as liable as men to neurasthenia; it is a factor in this liability that many women still spend their days amidst "splotchily papered walls, ceilings that seem on the point of dropping down on the head, and rooms stuffed with a mass of ill-assorted, ill-arranged furniture that lacks even the virtue of being useful."

From this standpoint of the sensory and hygienic value of correct and agreeable surroundings the thesis of the well-placed, well-built, well-furnished house is developed. Style but not pretentiousness is favored; a good house does not prompt a thought of how much it cost to build. The authors like dwellings of brick, concrete, or stone, since these seem to grow out of the ground, while frame construction, *ceteris paribus*, is less reposeful. For its safety and healthfulness they commend hollow tile construction for walls, and they hope that solid concrete roofing, still experimental, may succeed, if only for the outdoor dining and sleeping facilities thus made available. The discussion of interior fitments is sane and informative.

The 1917 conspectus of progress in decorative art, compiled by the publishers of the *Studio*, shows effects of the war. The usual continental and British colonial departments are omitted. The architectural section reflects current governmental restrictions on the building trades. The year-book, in brief, is thinner than it was before the rape of Belgium. Even so, however, it gives the American architect, crafts-worker, or decorator plenty of hints and helps, whether from so ambitious a remodelling as that of Keldy Castle or from the construction of pretty and suitable workingmen's cottages at Walgrave. One notes that since 1914 an important hand-weaving industry has been started at Macclesfield, an ancient centre of silk weaving, and that the William Morris traditions are carried on by his old firm, directed by J. H. Dearle.

Gratifying recognition of the promise of American art occurs in a chapter on "United States Architecture and Its Accessory Arts," by Leon V. Solon, who urges European architects and craftsmen to read the American magazines of art. English people, he observes, still think of the typical house in this country as "an ingenious grafting of the Surrey cottage on to a stock of California bungalow." Mr. Solon speaks well of recent American office buildings. He surely errs, however, in indicating that the first "skyscrapers" were universally without architectural style or refinement. The oldest of them, the Ames building in Boston, is, if anything, too stylistic, and Louis H. Sullivan, of Chicago, during the "nineties" was interesting the nation with his brilliant decorative work on commercial structures.

Its statements of courses of instruction and suggestions of the conditions and principles under which these are conducted make Mr. Holme's review of British and Irish school work especially useful to American supervisors and teachers. The pictures, to be sure, of work done by students demonstrate no marked superiority over the output of American schools of similar scope; they show, indeed, a few things which a rigorous censor might have left out. The total effect of the compilation is to prove the persistent expansion of the British arts and crafts movement. Even a list of the schools described, all of them devoted in whole or in part to teaching the artistic handicrafts, gives a sense of the bigness of preparations that are forward in the British Isles to perpetuate the best of the arts evolved prior to the factory system.

A Bye-Path in Criticism

French Criticism of American Literature Before 1850. By H. E. Mantz. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50.

THIS is a dissertation written with zeal and spirit and covering an interesting corner in Franco-American intellectual relations. One may see here the beginnings of our literature mirrored through keen French eyes, and one may follow, with Mr. Mantz's guidance, several significant phases in that criticism. Before 1820, there is little comment save on Benjamin Franklin, and this figure is not viewed primarily in a literary light. But dating from the advent of Romanticism, there is a certain amount of periodical criticism, which makes two main demands on American literature: that it shall reflect the new political ideal of its country and that it shall be autochthonous, independent, dealing with the "good savage" or the equally good settler.

It is consequently a disappointment to the reviewers when the American product turns out to be largely English, by inspiration and imitation. That is the second phase, which also exhibits a certain impatience with the paucity of American masterpieces. The third phase is a recognition of the legitimacy of this English literary ancestry for the pioneers, accompanied by a belief that in the second third of the century the transplanted race is finding its appropriate democratic expression. "The American should

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depict nature and American nature." It is inevitable, then, that the authors chiefly appreciated by the French should be, first of all, Cooper, whose Indian tales at least furnish a proper mixture of savages and soil. Then Washington Irving, praised for his studies of native life rather than for his English and Spanish scenes. And later "Evangeline" and the poems of Joaquin Miller for similar reasons. Other American poets, with the partial exception of Bryant, are not viewed with great favor, and the same may be said of the early theatre.

The material from which such views are drawn is "selected" and "representative," to quote Mr. Mantz. It is also extremely scanty. It includes only fourteen reviews (chiefly stressing the *Revue Encyclopédique*) of the half-century considered, and most of these cover but a few years each, together with some half-dozen contemporary volumes. To fill out the treatment, two chapters of the six are given over respectively to Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" and to the criticism of Philarète Chasles. The latter constitutes a valuable and suggestive survey of American authors, but much of the space given to Tocqueville scarcely concerns literature. A graver defect in Mr. Mantz's study is that his "selection" does not select some of the most important periodicals of the epoch. He has not included the famous *Globe*, that herald of cosmopolitan criticism, nor any authoritative newspaper of the class of the *Journal des Débats*. Some salient articles such as that of Balzac on Cooper (*Revue Parisienne*, 1840) receive no mention whatever.

This bibliographical scantiness is regrettable, but Mr. Mantz is apparently willing to serve simply as a pioneer to what was, after all, a pioneer appreciation of a pioneer literature. American literature, French criticism, and Mr. Mantz's book are all in no wise complete. But the first two show usually a better sense of style and construction than does Mr. Mantz's book.

Notes

BONI & Liveright announce for publication on December 2 "The Great Modern French Stories," by Willard Huntington Wright.

To-morrow the John Lane Company will publish "A Trip to Lotus Land," by Archie Bell. Early in December this house will close their autumn publication season with the following volumes: "Frenzied Fiction," by Stephen Leacock; "The Invisible Guide," by C. Lewis Hind; "Harry Butters, R.F.A.," edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan; "Gardens Overseas and Other Poems," by Thomas Walsh; "Songs of the Celtic Past," by Norreys Jephson O'Conor; "The Moods of Ginger Mick," by C. J. Dennis.

"We of Italy," by Klyda R. Steege, will be published shortly by Dutton.

PUTNAMS announce for publication shortly the following volumes: "Rising Japan," by the Rev. T. Sunderland; "A Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis," by Joshua R. Morton; "Democracy and the War," by John F. Coar; "Alsace-Lorraine," by Daniel Blumenthal. The Putnams, acting as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announce the publication of the following volumes: "Selected Essays of Hazlitt," edited by George Sampson; Locke's "Theory of Knowledge and Its Historical Relations," by James Gibson; "Manuring for Higher Crop Production," by E. J. Russell; and "Composition and Nutritive Value of Feeding Stuffs," by T. B. Wood.

STEVENSON somewhere refers to "a Moldavian Jew" as a human type most radically different from the English. Mr. M. E. Ravage's "An American in the Making" (Harper; $1.40) is the story of the Americanization of a Moldavian Jew. Although there is here and there a touch of that condescension which Miss Repplier complains of in immigrant autobiographies, the book is on the whole refreshingly free from attempts to teach older Americans their duties; Mr. Ravage does not even suggest that the only true Americans are those who were born in eastern European ghettos. His purpose is to describe the various stages by which he has become in thought and feeling an American. His emphasis is laid not on the typical, but on the individual, traits of his experience; and to this fact the narrative owes much of its interest and value. It gives the impression of being not only a more searching, but a more honest account of the process of being Americanized than has been presented by any one else. The first quarter of the book describes the life of a Rumanian village, the excitement caused by the return of a native who has grown prosperous in America, and the exodus which followed. When the author came to New York he was about sixteen. His American education began with his experience as a peddler of chocolates and later of toys on the East Side. Next he worked as a "sleever" in a sweatshop; at this time he began to associate with East Side "intellectuals" and devoted his spare time to reading and attending night school and lectures. He spent a year in a New York high school in order to qualify for a scholarship at Cornell, but failed to win the scholarship. This failure was fortunate, for it led him to discover "America of the Americans," as he calls it; he went West. A year at the University of Missouri altered his view of life as radically as the change from Vaslui to New York had done. The last quarter of the book answers the question, "What effect will a course at a Western university have upon a young Jewish radical, a graduate of the slums, with an eastern European background?" The answer makes one wish that more earnest young immigrants could somehow be sent to Western colleges and universities. Mr. Ravage's English, though a trifle rhetorical at times, is always clear, lively, and picturesque.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS'S articles in the *Century* on Polish and Eastern problems have now appeared in book form ("The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East"; Century; $1 net). They were well worth republishing, though the attitude of the writer is rather that of a thoughtful observer than an incisive critic. He has no definite solution to offer for any of the problems which are sure to plague mankind after peace negotiations shall have begun. As regards the future of Poland, only one thing seems certain to him: the Central Powers have conjured up a *de facto* Poland which can never disappear, though Prussia has said nothing about her Polish provinces and Austria has only vaguely declared for fuller autonomy for Galicia. The Poles themselves will have to forego the dream of restoring their historic territories. Russia, Mr. Gibbons argues, has never been fair in her treatment of the Poles, nor indeed has she shown real sympathy with the aspirations of any Slavic nationality. When we come to the

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Near East, nothing will be gained, he thinks, "in shutting out Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians, to let in Russians." This, it is true, was written before the Russian revolution, but in the author's opinion, as expressed in his preface, Russian imperialism has survived the revolution. His doubts extend to all the Balkan problems. The Rumanian difficulty might conceivably be solved by restoring to Rumania a portion of Bessarabia and having her cede back to Bulgaria a part of the Dobrudja wrested from her in 1913. As for the Rumans of Transylvania and Bukowina, he believes that if a plébiscite were taken to-day they would vote to remain with Austria-Hungary. In this he is probably right.

LOOKING into the distant future, Mr. Gibbons is beset by misgivings which conflict with prevailing opinions. Thus he does not believe that there can be a permanent common policy between Great Britain and Russia, and he reminds Italy that she will commit a serious blunder by annexing territories with a mixed population. He is certainly no apologist for German brutality and megalomania, but he finds the German *Drang nach Osten* not unnatural. He even has a kind word for the Turks. "If they went to war," he says, "because they were wrongly led by a few men whom Germany bribed, they are to be pitied instead of punished." He recounts the sins of all the Great Powers in their dealings with Islamism and regards the arguments against a Russian control of Constantinople as unanswerable. Much of his doubt is justified, but the trouble with such inconclusive reasoning is that it leads back to the familiar excuse for the war as "inevitable" and forward to a settlement which settles nothing. "Que sais-je?" may become a delightful working theory in literature, but as applied to politics, amiable skepticism will not save the world from a repetition of the present catastrophe.

IN spite of their preoccupation with other duties and interests arising out of the war, the editors of the Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, and the group of reviewers associated with them, have maintained in the volume for 1916 the unusually high standard set for this very useful Annual. In looking over the list of publications reviewed one cannot help being impressed with the amount of really excellent historical material Canadians are producing at a time when the natural tendency is to live in the present rather than in the past. The reviews are conveniently classified as in former years under six general headings: Relations of Canada to the Empire; History of Canada; Provincial and Local History; Geography, Economics, and Statistics; Archæology, Ethnology, and Folklore; Ecclesiastical History, Education, and Bibliography.

IN December, 1915, at a memorial service in Boston, in honor of Edith Cavell, it was decided to offer an "Edith Cavell nurse from Massachusetts" to the British Government, to serve with the British expeditionary force in France for the duration of the war. The little volume, entitled "The Edith Cavell Nurse from Massachusetts" (Boston: W. A. Butterfield; 60 cents), in which Miss Alice L. F. Fitzgerald tells of her experiences in the first year of that service, will interest most readers, we fancy, less for that record, interesting as it is, than for the vivid account of the imprisonment and the events following the imprisonment of Miss Cavell which makes up the second half of the book. There is a crisp brevity in this relation which reflects the ominous rapidity with which things moved from the moment when the English nurse was put on trial, while the effect as of watching a drama at close range is enhanced by the division of the narrative into short chapters with such headings as The American Legation Intervenes, M. de Leval Takes Steps, Monday Night—"The Political Department," Monday Night—The Prison of St. Gilles. All royalties from the sale of the book are to go to the Committee for the Support of the Edith Cavell Nurse in France, but there is no need of an extraneous motive for buying it. No one who opens it at any point will be likely to wish to lay it down until he has read every one of its hundred small pages.

ANOTHER book about women at the front is "A Nurse at the War," by Grace McDougall (McBride; $1.25 net). "Graphic" the publishers term it, and the word is none too strong. Besides being graphic, it has an air of hurry that suits well the incidents that it relates. Some of these are the stuff of many war books, but there are touches that one more rarely finds, as the want of supplies at critical moments, and, more disheartening, the relentless interference of "red tape," and this, not in over-regulated Germany, but in war-torn Flanders. There was apparently no end to Miss McDougall's physical vigor, resourcefulness, or cheerfulness. It is not easy to see what a man could have done that she did not do. No night was too dark, no road too strange or shell-swept, for her to start out upon what might have been regarded as a wild-goose chase, but which usually ended in success. She does not parade horrors, but her buoyancy is so irrepressible that neither does she shrink from letting them appear in all their ghastliness.

APPARENTLY Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, having had a long and successful career as an interviewer, determined to utilize his contacts with the great and call the result autobiography. "Through Life and Round the World" (Dutton; $3.50 net) has for sub-title "The Story of My Life"; but he tells little more than the Needy Knifegrinder. Beyond the fact that he was a curate in the West Indies, went into journalism, and travelled extensively, his personal revelations are few: but his book abounds in what Mr. Leacock calls "aristocratic anecdotes," platitudinous reflections, and "fine writing." His naïve confessions as a curate help to explain the spiritual deadness and professionalism of the Church of England; they might well be used as illustrative footnotes to "The Soul of a Bishop." Without a single qualification for the office of priest or religious teacher, he "went into the church," as he might have gone into a bank. Even when he left it from conscientious reasons, he evinced no real understanding of the religion he was supposed to teach, not even envisaging the problem.

AN almost dishonestly misleading title is "1,000 Hints on Flowers and Birds" (Putnam; $1.50 net), by Mae Savell Croy. The impression of coördination that is conveyed is belied when it turns out that the birds receive only 32 pages in a volume of 359 pages, or one chapter among twenty-one. This chapter, it should also be said, is of no value to the field student, concerning, as it does, only such matters as bird houses and food. The justification of the book (it does justify itself) is in the highly condensed information on gardening and the full index that renders

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this information quickly accessible. The author's information, though generally correct and serviceable, is more than once careless, as witness her use of Chapin in citing a book by Frank M. Chapman, and her very unscientific assertion that "insects include grasshoppers, beetles, caterpillars, and spiders." She is also capable of writing "a specie of plants" and of repeatedly using "lay" for "lie," as in this not unamusing example: "Fresh manure laying around in piles will be the means of breeding any quantity of flies."

"AN Introduction to Political Philosophy," by H. P. Farrell (Longmans; $1.25 net), is exactly what its title indicates it to be. There is a brief introductory chapter on the aim, scope, and method of political philosophy, an elucidation of Greek political philosophy which is elongated out of all proportion to the volume as a whole, and three other chapters dealing with the theory of the social contract, the analytical school of jurists, and the historical theory of the state respectively. The book does not set out to provide a complete history of political theory such as is contained in Sir Frederick Pollock's little manual, for example. Professor Farrell has picked out the high spots, and on these he presents to his readers more enlightenment than elementary volumes on this subject usually afford. Nevertheless the book remains, as its author intended it, an epitome of other men's writings, not an expression of his own.

THE war has been the occasion, or the excuse, for many a book whose relation to things military was remote, not to say fanciful. Most people, however, will agree with Dr. E. Griffith-Jones when he points out that the dreadful toll of young life which these three years have witnessed makes the problem of human immortality very pressing. His little book "Faith and Immortality" (Scribner), though hardly original, is, therefore, timely and welcome. Dr. Griffith-Jones illustrates the oft-mentioned eclipse of a lively faith in immortality by letters from young men in the trenches, which are indicative, not indeed of skepticism, but rather of indifference. Various causes for this eclipse of faith are suggested with some insight, though it must be said that a wider reading in the literature of the psychology of religion would have made this portion of Dr. Griffith-Jones's book more profitable. The philosophical argument which follows in support of the concept of immortality puts various conventional considerations in a rather fresh and persuasive fashion, while the latter part of the work is devoted to a discussion of the Christian doctrine of the future state. The author throughout means to be thoroughly orthodox, but this does not prevent him from giving to his subject an independent and thoughtful consideration. The view to which he finally comes is that the future state should be regarded as a continued and eternal "probation," with possible final destruction for those (if such there be) in whom merciful Omniscience is able to find nothing but an evil will. It may be said that this latter part of the book will be of value only to those who are interested in Christian theology; but one may well question how many movements of the spiritual life are of more genuine interest than Christian theology and its progressive development. As a contribution to enlightened Christian speculation Dr. Griffith-Jones's little book is of real value.

"IN the spring of this year I noticed in the catalogue of Mr. Frank Woore, antiquarian bookseller, of St. Peter's Street, Derby, two quarto manuscript volumes containing the reminiscences of Charles MacFarlane. The name of the writer was not known to me." These are the first words of John F. Tattersall's introduction to the "Reminiscences of a Literary Life" (Scribner's Sons), in which MacFarlane, once known as the writer of many books, is brought back from the limbo of the early nineteenth century to these piping times. Resuscitations of this kind commonly prove to be like the spasmodic jerkings of galvanism and no true life, and a miscellaneous scribbler, once forgotten, is in general better left in his oblivion; but we are ready to say, without circumlocation, that these reminiscences are not only a genuine *trouvaille*, but one of the most entertaining books of the sort published in many a day. It is hard to understand how the manuscript could have lain *perdu* for more than half a century. MacFarlane knew something of Shelley and Keats and Byron and other high-sounding names of that age. He was still better acquainted with Campbell and Moore and Bowles, and in particular his anecdotes of the last-named sonneteer are delightful. We wish we could transcribe the paragraphs (p. 75) that tell of Bowles's method of traversing the country at night behind a man on horseback in a snow-white smock to guide him through the dark; they alone would justify our praise of the book, but they are too long to quote in full and too good to abridge. MacFarlane died in 1858, and some of his better chapters deal with men of the mid-century. Not all his sketches are humorous. He could admire and hate, as well as laugh.

"A VAGABOND'S Odyssey" (Dodd, Mead; $2.50 net) is Mr. A. Safroni-Middleton's unsolicited confidences to a public which has more important matters to think of. He says that he was a sailor and voyaged hither and yon, enduring many hardships, but finding compensation in various small adventures and in the music of his faithful fiddle. He saw Stevenson in Samoa and has some gossip about him. This "Odyssey" might have been written by a man who never stirred outside his study, so curiously unconvincing is the impression left on the reader's mind. The moralizings, reflections, and would-be eloquent descriptions are shallow and tawdry.

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Gift Books

FASHIONS in gift books have not changed very much in the past dozen years. And, although the present Christmas season, even more than that of a year ago, might seem to be no suitable time for luxuries, publishing houses in this country have resolutely maintained the custom, thinking, no doubt, that a beautiful book is a necessity at a time when too much brooding over the great event of the war must be offset occasionally by escapes into pleasanter pastures. Some of the volumes, naturally, centre attention upon the war's wrack and ruin, yet even these carry the mind by implication back to more peaceful days. If by noting the havoc that has been wrought among towers and churches in northern France and Belgium the reader thereby acquires a clearer impression of Europe's architectural beauties, there will be some gain.

FROM Dodd, Mead & Co. come subjects drawn almost entirely from this country. Hildegarde Hawthorne, aided by the drawings of J. A. Seaford, has made an attractive volume entitled "Rambles in Old College Towns" ($2.50 net). "Old Seaport Towns of the South" ($2.50 net) is the alluring field explored by Mildred Cram, assisted by the drawings of A. G. Cram. A contribution to the history of that much-exploited section of New York, Greenwich Village, is made by Anna Alice Chapin, with Mr. Cram once more as artist. The price of the volume is $2.50 net. As this section is now frequently dubbed the Latin Quarter of the world, it invites the attention not only of impressionists, but of more thoughtful speculation. The present volume sketches the history of the region from early Dutch times down to the present, when the restaurants and studios and near-by hotels have a picturesqueness cheerful as well as drab. That the increasing attention given to clothes does not result from merely mercenary whims is the proposition discussed in Emily Burbank's "Woman as Decoration" ($2.50 net). Here something like a philosophy is attempted, the writer ranging freely over the centuries. Egyptian mummies sit cheek by jowl with Mrs. Vernon Castle. Yet we dare not say that much has been added to Carlyle's reflections. Maeterlinck's "The Light Beyond," translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, is issued in simple and attractive garb at $2 net.

THE house of Lippincott has fittingly specialized in Philadelphia, and we should be glad if space permitted us at this time to dilate on these offerings. We recommend especially the handsome volume by Mr. Horace Mather Lippincott, entitled "Early Philadelphia, Its People, Life, and Progress" ($6 net). The book contains some exquisite plates reproducing early conditions, as well as a few old maps. The work is supplemented by a less pretentious volume on "Old Roads Out of Philadelphia," by John T. Faris ($4 net). The South before the Civil War is chosen every year for glorification, and this season we have from Lippincott "Colonial Virginia: Its People and Customs," by Mary Newton Stanard, with 93 illustrations ($6 net), and a scholarly description of "The Dwelling Houses of Charleston, South Carolina," by Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith ($6 net). Lippincott's list also includes Eden Phillpotts's "The Girl and the Faun," illustrated by Frank Brangwyn ($2 net).

THE Penn Publishing Company has enlisted the services of that well-known illustrator, George Wharton Edwards, to remind us by a beautiful volume of the "Vanished Halls and Cathedrals of France" ($6 net). We opened the book quite at random and found ourselves at Cambrai! The reader who is carefully following the campaign of the Allies will discover in this volume a spur to his interests. Mr. Robert Shackleton, in his "Touring Great Britain" ($2.50 net), gives an illustrative record of an actual motor trip through England, Scotland, and Wales; reproductions of photographs enliven the text.

THROUGH the Century Company Louis Raemaekers has published his "Kultur in Cartoons" ($5 net). These searching indictments of Germany are each accompanied by a brief description from the hands of a well-known publicist. From the same house are "The Adirondacks," by T. Morris Longstreth ($2.50 net); "Christmas Night in the Quarters and Other Poems" ($2.50 net), a simple, pretty volume containing the dialect poems by which the late Irwin Russell introduced to the general reader the large stores of Southern negro lore, and "Heroines of Service" ($1.35 net), a series of sketches by Mary R. Parkman of modern women who have achieved distinction by notable public service.

GIFT books from Henry Holt & Co. include "A Holiday in Umbria," by Sir Thomas Graham Jackson ($3 net). The book goes back to the heyday of the Italian Renaissance and gives special attention to the ducal palace at Urbino and to the noted conduct-book, "Il Cortegiano." Another book from the same house which we can heartily recommend is "Over Japan Way," by Alfred M. Hitchcock ($2 net). Mr. Hitchcock, as his attractive illustrations abundantly indicate, has what the Irish call a "strong weakness" for children, and Japanese children are of the kind that warm the heart. This is a serviceable book of travel. Coningsby Dawson's "In the Seventh Christmas" (50 cents) indulges the unusual fancy of the Virgin Mary telling the Christ Child at the age of seven of the mysteries of his birth.

THE Macmillans contribute "The Romance of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table" ($2.50 net), an abridgment of Malory by A. W. Pollard. It is, however, the gorgeous illustrations of Arthur Rackham which give the special filip to the volume.

FROM Scribners come two books of travel, one an account of a long canoe trip in the Canadian Rockies, by Paul Leland Haworth, entitled "On the Headwaters of Peace River" ($4 net), and "Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries," by Hudson Stuck ($4.50 net).

OUR list of gift books is concluded by the following: "Years of My Youth," by William Dean Howells (Harper; $2.50 net); Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" (Crowell); "For France" (Doubleday, Page; $2.50 net), which is a tribute composed of stories, poems, music, and drawings, by well-known men and women of America; "New Footprints in Old Places," by Paul E. Stiles (Paul Elder; $2 net)—a personal account of experiences in Italy, France, and England; "Romance of Old Japan," by Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney (Putnam; $3.50 net)—Mrs. Champney paying special heed to ancient legends and customs, and Frère Champney to the pictorial side of Japan; "The Hill Towns of France," by Eugénie M. Fryer (Dutton; $2.50 net); "Pictures of Ruined Belgium," by Louis Berden and Georges Verdavaine (Lane; $3 net), which has the advantage of many pen-and-ink sketches drawn on the spot; and "London Churches Before the Great Fire," by Wilberforce Jenkinson (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; 15s. net).

The Season's Juvenile Books

WHILE we miss the gorgeous wealth of text and color and format that characterized the expensive foreign importations, yet the American publisher has done the best he could with war economies. We have a fair number of the familiar and welcome crop consumed in that period an almost forgotten musical-comedy song celebrated as "sweetly cursory, nursery days." Thus, whatever the relation of time and tide to this year's diminished output, there is lacking none of the old bravery of color and illustration that compelled our admiration of the publisher's temerity in the past. As a guide for parents the H. W. Wilson Co. offers S. H. Powell's "The Children's Library," $1.75 net.

FOR the littlest folk in that little language (as Mrs. Meynell somewhere happily dubbed Swift's letters to Stella) we have from Thomas Crowell, "Uncle Squeaky's Vacation," by Nellie M. Leonard, 50 cents net; "Babes of the Wild" and "A Treasury of Folk Tales," 50 cents, both by Lilian Gask; "What Sami Sings with the Birds," by Johanna Spyri, 50 cents net; "A Treasury of Old Fairy Tales," by Althea Chaplin, 50 cents. From the Macmillan Co. in their King's Highway series: "The Way of the Green Pastures" and "The Way of the Gate," 65 cents net each. From Little, Brown come "The Magic Slippers," by Mabel F. Blodgett, 75 cents net; "Old Crow Stories," by Katherine B. Judson, $1.35 net; "Mother West Wind 'When' Stories," $1 net; "Paddy the Beaver" and "Poor Mrs. Quack," each 50 cents net, all three by Thornton W. Burgess, and Roy J. Snell's "An Eskimo Robinson Crusoe," $1 net. The Pilgrim Press issues: "The Good Crow's Happy Shop," by Patten Beard,

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$1.35 net; "Little Boy Bear," by Belle K. Maniates, 60 cents net; "The Outsider at St. Agatha's," by Edith Robinson, 75 cents net; "The Costly Star," by Margaret Slattery, 60 cents net; "Stories for Any Day," by Carolyn S. Bailey, $1 net. Moffat, Yard & Co.: "The Book of Seven Wishes," from the pen and brush of Gertrude Alice Kay, $1.50 net; "All Aboard for Wonderland," by Helen O. Kingsbury, $1.50 net, and "Tuck-Me-In Stories," by Enos B. Comstock, $1 net. Houghton Mifflin sends: "Cloud Boat Stories," by Olive R. Barton, $1.50 net. E. P. Dutton: "The Funnyfeathers," by Lansing Campbell, $1.50 net; "The Happyfats and the Grouch," by Kate Jordan, $2 net. Frederick A. Stokes sends: "Stokes's Wonder Book of Fairy Tales," $2; "The Little Star Gazers," by Julia A. Schwartz, $1 net, and "All Around the Sun-Dial," by Caroline Hofman, $2 net. The Penn Publishing Co.: "Johnnie Snoozle Mouse in the Big House," by Frances Munro, and "The Enchanted Bird," by Antoinette Patterson. From Putnams we have "If I Could Fly," by Rose Hubbell, and from Dodd, Mead "The Way to Wonderland," by Mary Stewart, $2 net. The Beckley Cardy Co. sends "Nixie Bunny in Faraway Lands," by J. C. Sindelar. An interlude of verse may be found headed by the imperishable "Old Mother Goose," pictured by Mary R. Donovan, the Penn Publishing Co.; "Animal Rhymes," by Burges Johnson, Crowell, 50 cents net; "Beyond the Mountain," by Aunt Sadie (Sarah Stokes Halkett), Dutton, $1.50 net; "Songs and Stories for the Little Ones," by E. Gordon Brown, with melodies chosen and arranged by Eva Brown, $1.25 net, Dodd, Mead; "Indian Legends in Rhyme," by Grace P. Moon, Frederick Stokes, $1.50, and "Peacock Pie," suitable for both juveniles and adults, by Walter De La Mare, Holt, $2 net; and a book of plays by Samuel M. Cauldwell, "Chocolate Cake and Black Sand," Putnams, $1.50 net.

CONTINUING along the crescendo of juvenile needs, we mention the following: "The Life of Jesus for Young People," by William B. Forbush, Scribner, $1.50 net; "The Angel of Christmas," by Stella Perry, Stokes, 75 cents net; "The Belgian Twins," by Lucy F. Perkins, Houghton Mifflin, $1.25; "The Enchanted Lochan," by F. C. Brunton (Stories of Celtic Mythology), Crowell, $1.65 net; "Surprise House," by Abbie F. Brown, Houghton Mifflin, $1 net; "Mr. Slimkins: Letters About His Doings," by H. V. Anthony, Paul Elder. The largest number of books we have received in this class come from the press of the Penn Publishing Co., of which the following is a list: "Beth Ann's New Cousin," by M. P. Glinther; "The Three Gays in Maine," by Ethel C. Brown, $1 net; "Babs," by Alice R. Colver, $1.25 net; "Margey Morris," by Violet G. Gary, $1.25 net; "A Little Maid of Ticonderoga," by Alice T. Curtis, $1 net; "Trudy and Timothy," by Bertha C. Porter, $1 net; "The Little Match Man," by Luigi Barzini, $1.25 net; "The Wonder Woman," by M. Van Norman Long, $1.25 net; "The Young Farmer at College," by W. A. Freehoff, $1.25 net; "Donn Hale in the War Zone," by W. C. Sheppard, 60 cents net; "The Safety First Club and the Flood," by W. T. Nichols, $1.25; "Ross Grant on the Trail," by John Garland, $1.35 net, and "The Red Indian Fairy Book," by Frances J. Olcott, Houghton Mifflin, $2 net. From the Abingdon Press come William V. Kelley's "With the Children in Lewis Carroll's Company," 75 cents net; Clara E. Espey's "The Possible You," 50 cents, and in their Little Folks in History series: "Little Heroines," "Little Heroes," "Little Folks who did Great Things," and "Little Folks on Thrones," all compiled by Dorothy D. Calhoun, $1 net each.

WHILE many of the above will carry over into our list for boys and girls of reading age, yet the output in the latter field has diminished somewhat owing to the war. However, there is some quality to be seen in this final list: Messrs. Crowells' "Bulfinch's Age of Fable," $1 net; "The Boy's Book of Scouts," by Percy K. Fitzhugh, $1.25 net; "Boys and Girls of Many Lands," by Inez N. McFee, $1.25 net, and "The Book of Holidays," by J. W. McSpadden, $1.25 net. The Penn Publishing Co.: "Castaway Island," by Perry Newberry, $1.75 net, and "The Story of Sugar," by Sara W. Bassett, 75 cents net. Harpers: "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mark Twain, $2.50 net, and "Happy: The Life of a Bee," by Walter F. McCaleb, 75 cents net. Henry Holt: "The Raven Patrol of Bob's Hill," by Charles P. Burton, $1.30 net, and "The Five Babbits at Bonnyacres," by Walter A. Dyer, $1.30 net. Century: "The Golden Eagle," by Allen French, $1.25 net; "Under Boy Scout Colors," by Joseph B. Ames, $1.35 net; "The Boys' Book of Sports," by Grantland Rice, $2 net; "The Story-Book of Science," by Jean Henri Fabre (translated by Florence C. Bicknell), $2 net; "The Lost Little Lady," by Emilie and Arthur Knipe, $1.35 net; "Heroes of To-day," by Mary R. Parkman, $1.35 net, and "Camp Jolly," by Frances Little, $1.25 net. Lippincott: "The Blue Heron's Feather," by Rupert S. Holland, $1.25 net, and "Opening the West with Lewis and Clark," by Edwin L. Sabin, $1.25 net. Macmillan: "Gulliver's Travels," edited by Padraic Colum, $2 net; "Peggy of Roundabout Lane," by Edna Turpin, $1.25 net; "The Island of Appledore," by Adair Aldon, $1.25 net, and "Elizabeth Bess," by E. C. Scott, $1.25 net. Houghton Mifflin: "Polly and the Princess," by Emma Dowd, $1.35 net; "Tales of the Persian Genii," by Frances J. Olcott, $2 net; "The Next of Kin," by Nellie L. McClung, $1.25 net; "A Reversible Santa Claus," by Meredith Nicholson, $1 net; "Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls," by J. and Mary Hamilton, $1.25 net; "Nights with Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris, $1 net, and "The Gold Cache," by James W. Schultz, $1.25 net. From Scribners: "The Sampo," by James Baldwin, $1.50 net, and "The Boy Scout and Other Stories for Boys," by Richard Harding Davis, $1.25 net. From Little, Brown: "Boy Holidays in the Louisiana Wilds," by Andrews Wilkinson, $1.50 net. Putnam: "The Treasure of Mushroom Rock," by Sidford Hamp, $1.25 net, and "The World's Wonder Stories," by Adam G. White, $1.75 net. From Dodd, Mead: "The Boy's Book of Mounted Police," by Irving Crump, $1.35 net, and "Fairy Tales from Brazil," by Elsie F. Spicer. From Dutton: "The Boy Who Went West," by Ethel C. Brill, $1.50 net. From Sherman, French: "Guld, the Cavern King," by Mary L. Branch, $1.20 net.

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America's First Old Masters Exhibition

By KENYON COX

IN the Loan Exhibition of Italian Primitives, organized in aid of the American War Relief and now open at the new Kleinberger Galleries, there are, besides three uncatalogued pictures of some importance, one hundred and two works attributed to some ninety-five different painters of the various Italian schools and ranging in date from the middle of the thirteenth century to nearly the end of the sixteenth.

Doubtless a competent connoisseur could here find many occasions for questioning, or at least discussing, the attributions of the catalogue, and the question of who painted what has always its interest. Happily, the certainty of the attributions is in nearly direct proportion to the importance of the works themselves. There can be little doubt or none as to the painters of the real masterpieces; and with regard to the many minor works, once their affiliations and approximate dates are settled, it can make little difference to which more or less obscure artist they are assigned. Their value is in their intrinsic merit and in the degree in which they illustrate the characteristics of their school and their epoch.

But even the differences between school and school or between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries seem minor matters as one wanders about these galleries. The extraordinary thing about the exhibition is its unity and harmony: the continuity of effort from Guido da Siena or Margaritone d'Arezzo to Bronzino and Tintoretto; the substantial identity of the Italian ideal from Venice and Lombardy to Sicily. The work seems all of a piece, it all hangs together, and it is all equally remote, in point of view and in achievement, from the art of our own day or of the more immediate past.

To mark this contrast in all its extent one has only to visit, in close succession, this exhibition and another now open in New York—the Memorial Exhibition of the work of the late Thomas Eakins at the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Eakins was in many ways a typical nineteenth-century naturalist—more honest and more thorough than most of his fellows and therefore more admirable. He is cool, scientific, relentless, an investigator and a recorder of facts. In his indifference to beauty of any kind, and above all to the beauty of craftsmanship, he was an extremist even among his contemporaries. Scarcely anywhere shall you find work which proclaims so sovereign an indifference as to what you think of it or whether you care for it or not. As you look at it you feel a growing wonder as to what it is all for. For what use was it intended and for whose benefit was it created? Certainly you cannot imagine yourself wishing to take any of it home, to place any of it upon your walls and to live with it. Nor can you imagine the presence of any of it adding to the dignity or beauty of a public hall. Indeed, you are more likely, unless you have unusually steady nerves, to wish to escape from the presence of some of his larger canvases as rapidly as possible.

Few painters of any time have pushed this indifference to the public and its demands or desires so far as Eakins has done, but his attitude was so nearly that of the best painters of our whole modern epoch that we have come to scorn anything else and to stigmatize as "commercialism" any effort to produce what any one might be conceived of as wanting. Now, if to do what is wanted, like the humblest of craftsmen, but, like an honest craftsman, to do it as well as one can and not merely as well as necessary, is commercialism, then Italian art was wholly commercial.

This compliance with demand is most strikingly shown in the choice of subject, if one may speak of choice where there was none. The Italian craftsman worked to order; he did not paint pictures and place them on sale. Therefore his subjects are those which were desired of him. Barring portraits, which have always been in demand when painting was sufficiently advanced to furnish them, all but two of the works in this collection are either of devotional subjects—Madonnas, crucifixions and the like—or are illustrations of the Bible or of the lives of saints. The two exceptions, both from wedding chests, are illustrations of the greater classics—one of the Odyssey and the other of the Æneid. Doubtless the artists were often in sympathy with this demand of their public. Many of them were sincerely devout men, who began their work with prayer, and Fra Angelico was a saint. But they were not all saints—some of them are known to have been quite the reverse. Saints and sinners, they were primarily tradesmen, producing religious pictures for the same reason that the makers of church-furniture produce images of saints. It was their means of livelihood.

The almost exclusive demand for devotional subjects was a temporary one, and our continued interest in these pictures has little to do with their subjects. But in meeting the demands of their patrons these craftsmen satisfied other and more permanently human desires—the desire for decorative beauty and the desire for beauty of material and of workmanship—and satisfied them so completely that they are to-day the most dangerous rivals of our own artists, who are often heard to complain that they are neglected while millions are spent upon the acquisition of old masters. Each of these pictures is, above all, a beautiful pattern of lines and colors, and each of them is a piece of delicate and perfect craftsmanship in which the paint and the gilding are made as precious as a piece of fine lacquer or a carving in jade.

Take for an example, from near the beginning of the series, the Christ on the Cross by a follower of Duccio (No. 41), with its nobly austere arrangement, its broad masses of grave and simple color, the dignity of its long, straight-folded draperies. Or, from near the middle of it, look at Bartolommeo Vivarini's little Adoration of the Magi (No 88), with its playful fancy, its wealth of incident and detail, its brocaded draperies and colored marbles. It is like a casket of jewels, and as desirable. Of about the same time is Cosimo Tura's Madonna (No. 78), with her impossibly large head relieved against an heraldic mantling, her gnarled hands and angular Düreresque draperies. The panel is neither noble like Duccio nor dainty like Vivarini; it is rather grotesque; but it is as decorative as a German Gothic niche and the precision and beauty of the execution are a delight to the eye and a temptation to the touch. Now go almost to the end of the period here covered and see how, in Bronzino's portrait of a lady of the Medici family (No. 39), the preoccupation remains the same. It is a little pompous in its forms, distinctly affected in its attitude, with body turned to the right, head to the left, and eyes to the right again; but the perfect placing of the figure within the rectangle of its panel, the contrast of its flowing lines with the cunningly used verticals and horizontals of the

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architectural background, the pleasant gray of the coloring, the smooth surfaces and crisp detail of jewelry and ornament, make it, if not a great picture, certainly a delightful *objet d'art*.

None of the pictures yet mentioned is among the few very finest things in the exhibition. They have been chosen, rather, as giving a fair average of its quality. But something of this quality even the poorer things have. After Simone Martini the Sienese were a feeble folk, given to prettiness and sentimentality and quite unable to learn from the stronger schools of Italy, but even their weakest productions are so far decorative that they make admirable furniture. They hang comfortably on a wall and are pleasant companions, and this is enough to account for their popularity with collectors. The use of patterned gold in Sano di Pietro's Madonna (No. 62) is charming, and a similar use of it redeems the still feebler Madonna (No. 65) by Neroccio. To understand to what heights of pure beauty such an art can rise one must turn to that miracle of line and color and workmanship, Mr. Morgan's wonderful Fra Angelico (No. 18).

Fra Angelico was a saintly person, if you will, but it is much more important for us that he was a consummate artist, and this is, I am inclined to believe, his most perfect masterpiece. It is as lovely in spacing and composition, as subtle in gently flowing line, as an Athenian stele; it is exquisite in its pure and delicate coloring beyond the power of any other painter; it is accomplished beyond belief in its technical management of material. To see it is a revelation, to study it a priceless privilege. And it is in perfect preservation, as fresh as if it were painted yesterday

There is nothing else in the show—there is very little anywhere—of quite this quality. But there is much beauty in the Piero Pollaiuolo Madonna (No. 27) with her spirited, portrait-like head and the roses and angels reminiscent of Botticelli; in the slender erectness of the Madonna by Cosimo Rosselli (No. 31); above all, in the delightful primness of Ghirlandaio's portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni (No. 24).

The differentiation of human characters, the delineation of personality, makes it easier in the retrospect to distinguish between portraits than between paintings of other subjects, and it is perhaps for this reason that one comes away from this exhibition remembering certain portraits, like this of Giovanna, more sharply than any but two or three of the religious pieces. Certainly the sculptured energy of Andrea del Castagno's Young Man (No. 21), the supreme and cynical elegance of Botticelli's Giuliano di Medici (No. 26), the sober beauty of the head by Boltraffio (No. 85), and the almost eighteenth-century charm of Lorenzo da Credi's Young Lady (No. 33) are unforgettable; but then each of these masters has produced works of another kind quite as unforgettable as these portraits.

Both for the pleasure and instruction of the visitors and for the aid of the American War Relief it is to be hoped this exhibition has been largely attended. It is especially salutary for students of art schools. They might learn that there is more in art than the recording of facts of natural appearance and more in technique than splashing with a big brush. Some of them might, conceivably, learn to employ our modern material and our modern knowledge in something of the old spirit.

Reviews of Plays

THE PASSING OF UNDIGESTED REALISM

IT requires temerity to generalize the season thus far in New York. There have been failures in droves, and the plays which have gone under have not differed so very much from those which have survived, except in vitality—for it is safe to say that no piece having any real merits has failed to get a hearing. One thing is clear even in this confused season: the brand of undigested realism which found such favor on the American stage less than a decade ago and persisted year after year has been entirely absent. In its stead there have been farces and farce comedies, fantasies, spectacle, and free renderings of historical episodes. In short, there is the variety which might normally be expected of so large an output.

In previous years American dramatists have gone about their work self-consciously. In the background they have usually had the idea of "the great American play," and with this has been coupled a drama of ideas dealing with American life in the way in which the Continental stage has treated foreign life and thought. The result has been a drama of exposure in which reforms were sought by a revelation of the corrupt milieu of capitalists, politicians, and fashionable society. The material chosen was not undramatic, but the achievement was unconvincing because writers were obsessed by a vague humanitarianism in which characters were shadowy to the point of absurdity. That in the turning up of this large field of life no vivid personality emerged; that one cannot recall a life-like sketch of a political boss, of a corrupt capitalist, of a fashionable rake is sufficient evidence in itself that our dramatists were in no way masters of their material.

In the return this season to the traditional types of drama one may perhaps see an indication of better times to come. It is just possible that, with the admission that the great American play, if it comes, will come unawares to the author, writers may settle down to a less self-conscious attitude towards their work and may search first of all for truly dramatic situations. If they do, the chances are that they will likewise get the practice they need in character-drawing and in an imaginative handling of raw material. Even this season one is pleased to discover a freely fanciful treatment of subjects. Last week, for instance, Mrs.

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Fiske appeared in a spirited rendering of Madame Sand. If the lady has been somewhat slandered by exaggeration, it is at least evident that the author was entirely at ease with his material. "Losing Eloise," another opening of last week, is a farcical trifle, but it manipulates the situations without difficulty. And why is it that "The Masquerader" has had a successful run since late summer? It is clearly because in the adaptation of this story the writer sought out the real dramatic moments and developed them with the proper flourish.

All this is not to discourage the use of ideas, or even of propaganda, in drama. Only, it is as difficult in drama as in fiction, to start with an idea and then fully clothe it. The essence of drama is situation and character, and the idea has to be insinuated with a master's hand. This season, at any rate, our authors are beginning at the right end.

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On the Stock Exchange

NO doubt the prediction of a favorable decision in the railway-rate case had an important share in last week's recovery on the Stock Exchange. It performed that service, however, as often happens, because the moment had arrived when what Wall Street calls "sentiment" was willing to take a favorable view of such considerations. If the market had been rising when the railways first announced their purpose to make the fresh appeal, that news would very probably have served the same purpose. As it happened, the market was then under heavy pressure from other causes, and little attention was paid to the rate case.

When the stock market was breaking convulsively, a fortnight or more ago, Wall Street declared itself unable to discover what would stop the movement. The richest capitalists were throwing over stocks, partly because of a sort of panic over the Revenue law. The money of the rest of the investing community was tied up in applications for the war loan. Europe, which in the old times used to buy heavily here during forced liquidation in New York, was unable to stir. Even the "short account" had been largely eliminated by public criticism and official scrutiny. What, then, was to bring about anything in the nature of recovery?

Such reasoning overlooked certain facts and principles which always exist in a great investment market. Even the discouraged Wall Street of a few weeks ago paused occasionally to ask, with vague curiosity, who was taking the stocks which were pressed on the declining market. "Million-share sales," on the most unsettled days, certainly involved also purchases of a million shares, and not all of these could have been made up of transactions by professional traders who repurchased in the afternoon what they had "sold short" in the morning. If "buying power" had been so absolutely paralyzed as Wall Street professed to imagine, the realizing sales would have found no market at all.

The truth is that the buying power was present all along. It was made up, then as always, partly from investors who were dividing their purchases between Liberty bonds and good railways or industrials, and partly from investors who had previously sold their actual holdings with a view of reinvesting at more advantageous prices. The moment came (as it always does) when their bids at the market were more numerous and effective than the offerings. The facts in the financial situation had been "discounted," probably overdiscounted, by the fall in prices.

A shrewd observer remarked, at the moment when the military collapse of Italy seemed to be coinciding with civil war in Russia, with inertia on the British front, and with political demoralization in the western European Ministries, that all experience to date had taught that the fortunes of this war did not oscillate evenly and casually between the opposing parties. On the contrary, success in the campaign had from the first lurched with accumulating force to one side, only to turn suddenly to the other side when there appeared to be the least chance of it. The inference was drawn that the series of spectacular German successes at the end of October and the beginning of November might be assumed to mean a speedy and equally spectacular turn in the fortunes of war to the Allies. Subsequent events have at least partly verified the prophecy.

In a less degree, perhaps, it may be argued that the same general principle has operated on the Stock Exchange—even with the seemingly irresistible pressure of war-loan issues (both before and since last April) to the disadvantage of investment values. It is not in the least improbable that Wall Street may have ahead of it, at a greater or less distance, such return of financial confidence as will throw a curious light on the recent abject despondency.

ALEXANDER D. NOYES

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Johnston, M. G. Patriotism and Radicalism. Sherman, French.
Keene, L. Crumps. Houghton Mifflin.
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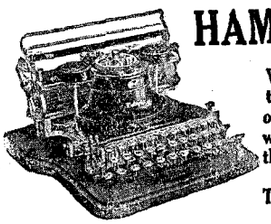

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Summary of the News

THE American War Mission under Col. House, sent abroad to attend the Paris Allied Conference, has arrived in Paris after a brief stay in London. Before leaving England, Col. House, who was present during the recent crisis in British politics over the question of control of the British army in France, made a glowing report on the efficiency with which the British were ordering their military and national resources. The Mission was received in France by Premier Clemenceau with a pleasure that was indicative of the feeling now obtaining there—that American initiative and resources have come at a time when the Allies, after great blunders, are more than ever open to ideas from America. The President's delegate, however, has once more carefully stated in Paris, as he did on his arrival in London, that the presence of the American Mission at the Inter-Allied Conference is expressly for the purpose of consultation in respect of military questions, and that no part would be taken by the American Mission in any discussion of political aims. The Mission will strictly devote itself to furthering a coördination of military and naval resources among the Allies for the prosecution of the war.

FROM the American troops on the western front there is scanty news of fighting. Gen. Pershing reported two killed and six wounded during the past week. The American artillery is still actively replying to the gusts of German fire, while infantry patrols are maintaining close contact with the enemy, and thus affording battle experience for the rank and file of the American army. The American navy has been successful during the past week in the submarine campaign. Despite the fact that the sudden diminution of shipping losses has been followed by a rise to seventeen sinkings for the past week, ten of the vessels registering 1,600 tons or over, American destroyers accounted for a submarine in the war zone, making effective use of the depth charge in compelling the boat to come to the surface. The crew surrendered, and the disabled submarine sank, as the crew had opened her sea-cocks, thus thwarting the American effort to tow her to port. Two of the enemy's crew were killed, and Washington is silent on the matter of the disposition of the prisoners. Apropos of prisoners, Washington has declared its determination to abide by the Hague Convention, whereby enemy prisoners will continue to receive the pay due to their rank. Coincident with this rise in the number of shipping losses, Washington announces the launching of the first of the freighters undertaken by the Shipping Board. On the Pacific Coast an 8,800-ton steel freighter left the ways exactly seventy-eight days after her keel was laid. This launching marks the inception of a steady programme of the Board, which promises three 26,400-ton steel ships and three 10,500-ton wooden ships during December.

IT is also characteristic of the national awakening to the need of the coördination that Col. House has promised the Allies that the American Federation of Labor, without a dissenting vote, would pledge its support of the Administration until the war is won. The real crisis in our economies still centres upon the question of transportation. A successful decision has eventually taken place by which the Eastern roads are to be operated as one. The Railroads War Board recommends "that all available facilities on all railroads east of Chicago be pooled to the extent necessary to furnish maximum freight movement." This is a war measure that will be adopted to relieve the increasing congestion throughout the railways of the country, and it is expected to obtain during the entire period of the war. Meanwhile, the national food co-operation urged by Mr. Hoover is approaching a satisfactory status, and New York is planning the first city, State, and Federal conference on food economy. A plan is being worked out between producer and buyer, especially in respect of fish, to facilitate the delivery of cheaper food in the cities.

FROM Russia further details have arrived indicating the full tenor of the policy of the new Bolshevik Government, now in control at Petrograd. The Lenine administration has outlined the proposal of a cessation of hostilities among all belligerents, which it intends to agitate when it gains full control of Russia. As a sign of the widespread disorganization in the army, the Ukrainians have recalled 360,000 of their nationality. A section of the army, however, is still in favor of the continuance of hostilities. Gen. Dukhonin, to whom Lenine communicated his order for an armistice, refused to put it into effect, and has raised a number of questions in defence, such as the disposition of the Rumanian armies on the southeastern Russian front. Lenine has deposed Dukhonin and appointed as commander-in-chief a young naval ensign, Krylenko. The German press, however, is reported to be cautious regarding the acceptance of the Lenine armistice, and advises waiting until the generals are in closer harmony with the Bolshevik administration, and until the latter has gained complete control of the country. The Bolshevik Foreign Minister, Trotzky, has published all the foreign papers relating to agreements made between the Allies and the deposed Provisional Government, and the press is now urging the publication of similar papers in the archives of the Russian Foreign Office relating to the Teutonic Powers. Order has not been established, and full details are not available concerning the attitude of the important Cossack elements, who are avowedly supporters of ex-Premier Kerensky and in favor of a continuance of the war with the Central Powers. Indiscriminate military rioting is reported to have resulted in the accidental wounding of Gen. Brusilov, whose house was shelled.

AGAINST the Russian revolutionary throes we record an apparent establishment of order in Mexico, indicated by the important statement of a decision to adjust all claims for damages arising from the revolution. By a decree passed May 10, 1913, and just ratified, the Mexican Government has established a bureau to pass on all indemnities for losses incurred by private property. Foreigners must attach to their claims certificates of nationality, or they will be assumed to be of Mexican nationality. Companies incorporated under the Mexican law will be considered as Mexican. In the event of dissatisfaction with the decisions of the bureau, foreigners may present a claim through their diplomatic representatives, and such claims will be arbitrated by three persons, one appointed by the President, one by

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the foreign diplomat, and one by mutual agreement. The term for the filing of claims will expire three years from the ratification of the decree, which was signed by the President on November 25.

FROM the western Allied front comes the news of a phenomenal success scored by Field-Marshal Haig. Under Gen. Byng the British sprang a surprise attack upon the German lines in front of Cambrai, an important military centre which had evidently been stripped of seasoned troops for the Italian offensive. The British attack was a complete surprise to the enemy, comprised chiefly of *Landwehr* and troops from the Russian front, because it was the first undertaken on so large a scale without the preliminary artillery bombardment that seemed to have become an inevitable factor in all attacks. Instead of artillery to break the enemy's defences of barbed wire and isolated redoubts, the British assembled and sent forward hundreds of "tanks" to clear the way, followed by the infantry, and the scheme has netted a great victory. Another element of surprise was the large use of quantities of cavalry to follow the tanks, and the mounted men seem at last to have come into their own. About 9,000 prisoners have been taken by the British, whose guns are now menacing Cambrai. At the same time they renewed their attack in Flanders. The fighting is now severe, as the German command has rallied to the defence, but the British have uniformly continued their gains, and are now practically in control of strategic points upon which the safety of the German base of Cambrai now depends. Most of the fighting has developed in the open, and the British are pushing home their gains with cavalry. A curious fact has established itself, that despite the lack of the usual artillery fire the tanks have proved adequate as cohesive and aggressive factors, and while enormous losses were inflicted on the enemy the British sustained a minimum of casualties.

THE French have renewed their attack on the Crown Prince's army at Verdun, capturing the first and second lines and taking 800 prisoners. The attack was made at the much-debated Chemin des Dames, northwest of Rheims, and followed upon a long period of intense artillery duels. Prior to the attack, the French had repulsed several onslaughts by the Germans on this sector. In the Vosges the French also repulsed a German attack at Sondernach, southwest of Münster. In the air the French report continued success in dominating the aircraft of the enemy.

FROM the Italian front come heartening reports of the waning of the Teutonic onslaughts. On the Asiago Plateau, the Brenta, and Piave, the Italians have repulsed the furious attacks of the enemy, even though these were supported by heavy artillery fire, and are now counter-attacking. The situation is apparently reaching a herculean deadlock. The heavy losses sustained by the Teutonic mass attacks have led the enemy to fall back on artillery duels, which the Italians regard as a sign of a waning initiative. The Italian artillery has proved most effective now that the fighting has lost the whirlwind character that marked the initial Teutonic advances. The most violent fighting is still reported among the mountains from the Asiago Plateau to the Brenta, where the Italians have retaken Mont Tomba.

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